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235

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AND
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The Bucks County Gazette.

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Philadelphia.

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11

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292

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BONDS AND STOCKS
of all kinds bought and sold.
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612

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&c.,
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AND
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1021

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SCOURING and DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
4508 MAIN STREET, 4508
FRANKFORD, PA.
Clothing repaired and altered.
145

From Scribner's Monthly.

VINO SANTO.

BY H. H.

Once I read a strange, sweet story
Of a sacred snowy wine,
Made by peasants on Lake Garda,
Brewed beneath the cross' sign;
Vino Santo called forever,
Sealed with seal of things divine—
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

On the first days of October,
Only in a shining sun—
Only in the dew of morning,
Clusters fitted one by one;
Thus begins the solemn vintage,
Vintage with the cross for sign—
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

Pales the autumn, falls the winter,
Lie the grapes untouched and still;
No man hastes and no man hinders
While their subtle juices fill,
Till the sacred day of Christmas,
Day of days, of joy divine,
Then is brewed the Holy Wine.

Past the winter, past the spring-time,
Into summer fair and late;
For the joy of Vino Santo
They who long must long and wait;
Only glowing heat can ripen—
Glowing heat and cross' sign,
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

Year by year, the change, swift-coming,
Sudden seepeth thine and mine;
Thine and mine are all true lovers,
Sealed by seal and signed by sign;
Silence, patience, from Love's Vintage
Drink at last, in joy divine,
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

Blackwood's Magazine.

LITTLE BOBBY.

A SKETCH IN PARIS.

"Well, sir, I am glad to meet you here," said Mr. Armstead.

"Ha, ha! thanks, thanks, thanks very much, thanks," muttered Mr. Airey, in reply. Mr. Airey had but lately arrived in Paris from Bond street, Mr. Armstead from Beacon street. The Londoner had run against the Bostonian at the corner of the Rue de la Paix.

"Are you going my way?" asked Mr. Airey lightly.

"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Armstead, with a courteous motion of the hand. As they moved along the broad pavement, the Englishman entertained his friend with a thousand remarks on men and things. Paris always loosed his tongue; for while he tasted with delight the gayety and sparkle of the place, he found at the same time much solid food for the moralist. When he was moralizing, he felt he was doing his duty. And so, with sense gratified and conscience in response, a pleasant sun above him, and a good listener by his side, the sprightly gentleman would comment for hours on the frivolity of the Parisians. When he had brought to an end a nimble discourse on the probable haunts and customs of a passing Petitgras, he found that for a moment he was without an other subject on which to dilate. So turning to his companion, like an amiable social inquisitor, he asked, "Now, what do you find to do with yourself in Paris?"

Mr. Armstead, whose share in the conversation had consisted of occasional solemn bows of acknowledgment, now coughed, meditated for some moments, and then answered thoughtfully, "Well, I come down town and I walk around."

"But surely," cried the other, "for a man of your active habits—why, my dear Colonel Armstead, I—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but drop the colonel, if *you* please."

Mr. Airey was vastly astonished. "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon," he said, "but surely—why I always thought that you Americans were particularly fond of military titles."

"Well, sir, we have had some pretty serious killing lately, and some of us don't take quite so humorous a view of the profession as we did when it was confined to Indians and Mexicans."

"But still it is the custom in England and everywhere for a man who has served to keep his title. And you, who were distinguished—you surprise me, you surprise me very much."

Mr. Armstead acknowledged the compliment by bending his head and slightly waving his right hand. After a pause, during which his companion watched him with much curiosity, he said, "It was found that there was a certain awkwardness in sending out your superior officer for a bag of nails or a two cent stamp."

Mr. Airey felt like a second Columbus he had discovered a new America. This novel and interesting specimen must be drawn out, to be afterward described and commented upon at all his clubs. He assumed an insinuating manner as he asked the leading question, "How do you like Paris?" Mr. Armstead took time to reply. "I like it," he said; "but I fear there is a little too much of the New Englander in my composition."

"And a capital good thing, too," observed the other encouragingly.

"The Pilgrim Fathers would not have appeared to advantage on the Boulevards."

"Certainly not. And yet your countrymen are, as a rule—are they not?"—devoted to Paris. You know, of course, the saying, 'Good Americans when they die go to Paris,' eh?"

The Bostonian bowed gravely at the quotation. "Some like it," he said; and added profoundly, after a pause, "the American in Paris is too often a Parisian hampered by morality."

The Englishman would doubtless have commented at some length on this remark, but his eye was at that moment caught by something which would serve him even better for a text. Above a large window, which was modestly covered by muslin curtains, appeared the name of Madame Laloustte Ex tere de M———. Over the name of the gentleman who had the honor of employing Madame Laloustte, a piece of blank paper was carefully pasted. "Look!" cried Mr. Airey, in great excitement: "just look at the woman's ingenuity. She must have been threatened with legal proceedings, don't you see? So she sticks up that paper, which blots out the cause of offence, while it catches every eye and appeals to every imagination. 'Sophie, my child,' says one woman, 'of whom is this Madame Laloustte the premiere?' 'For me I cannot conceive,' says the other; 'but Madame De Corsaye is sure to know.' So they rush off to a third lady, and the milliner is advertised all over Paris by a single square of blank paper. It is magnificent."

Here Mr. Airey paused for breath, and was straightway thrilled by the delightful consciousness of having been unusually brilliant.

"I know it," said Mr. Armstead; "M. Blank is an excruciating mystery to women, like the veiled prophet of Khorassan."

"Ha, ha! capital, capital! and, by dove! she is a clever women. Just look at that other dodge!"

"I have observed it," said the American. The large window of the ingenious *artiste* was draped with muslin, as if the mysteries of La Mode were sacred as those of the Bona Dea; but at one side of the window was placed a small sheet of looking glass, some two feet wide. While the two friends were gazing at the temple of fashion, the one bubbled over with remarks on the ingenuity of French women; the other watched them in silence as they passed that looking glass. He remembered a method of snaring birds by like means, and smiled grimly. One lady just touched her bonnet in front, another her braids behind. One stopped and deliberately arranged the lace of the throat, another glanced hurriedly at the glass and then darted across the road a mute defiance of the observer. Even a homeless work girl caught a look as she slipped back to her work; and a large nurse, whose beauty was no more than health and amiability, shifted her small burden tenderly, while she laid some large fingers on the crisp border of her cap. The two gentlemen were still standing across the street, when a tiny brougham drove quickly up to the veiled window.

"Who is she? who can she be?" cried Mr. Airey, and added in a breath, "upon my word, remarkably pretty. One can see in a moment the French woman of the world—grace, elegance, wit."

"It is my wife," said Mr. Armstead, dryly. The Englishman was overwhelmed with confusion; "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon; I had no idea, I—"

"Won't you allow me the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Armstead?"

"Thanks; thanks; delighted, I'm sure. But do you think we may go in—two men, your know?"

"I am not afraid for myself," said the Bostonian.

The front room of Madame Laloustte was tenanted only by gowns, erect upon wire frames. "Dress-extenders, eh?" said Mr. Airey. "Average women," observed Mr. Armstead; but there was a twinkle in his eye which softened the severity of his remark. From an inner apartment, which was seen through open folding-doors, came the rattle of two shrill French voices, one voluble in the language of the country, the other almost equally effective in a mixture of French and fantastic English. They were the voices of Madame Laloustte and of "Mees," so called in the established in recognition of her almost miraculous knowledge of our barbarous language. The double stream of persuasion, declamation and exclamation was occasionally interrupted by a third voice, high but not loud, and with a very pleasant pronunciation of French. Evidently the lady was not yet satisfied, for her tone was a little pathetic. Mr. Airey lung back in alarm; but Mr. Armstead, courteously waving him forward, stalked through the open doors with the unruffled calm of a red Indian. "Prudence," he said, "will you permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Airey?"

"I am afraid—I really am awfully afraid that I am intruding here," said the polite Englishman.

"Why, no," said the lady, with a slight delay on each word, to emphasize her negative; and she added, "you can help me to choose a winter jacket. Do you like that?" and she pointed to a garment which was floating up and down the room on a most elegant young person, who has risen in life by the remarkable fall in her back.

"Charming! charming" upon my word exceedingly pretty."

"Which do you mean?" asked the lady, demurely. Mr. Airey was delighted. These little American women have a much self-possession and so much spirit. They are so friendly without being fast. His heart warmed to her, as it does to all pretty women. He enjoys their society, as he delights in Paris. In their presence he feels himself kindled to wit; when they are gone he will moralize on them by the hour. He is ever ready "to break a comparison or two" on a charming lady. "It must be a strange life," he observed, lowering his voice, "this sweeping up and down and bending of the body under people's jackets."

"My figure is my fortune," remarked Mr. Armstead, who was standing very upright by his wife, and staring at the gilding garment.

"Why, it must be delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstead. "Only fancy being always sure to have on the very latest thing."

"Good gracious! how frivolous!" thought Mr. Airey.

"It is evident that I must go to my banker," said the lady's husband. "Shall I have the pleasure of your company, sir, or do you remain among the jackets?"

The lady looked an invitation prettily.

"How charming!" thought Mr. Airey; and he said, "I think, if Mrs. Armstead will allow me, I will stop and put her into her carriage." The lady smiled, and her husband stalked off alone to his banker. The Englishman now laboured into talk with so much sprightliness and vivacity that Madame Laloustte was reduced to a fixed smile of appreciation, and Mees could no longer display her unique power of language. Mrs. Armstead rewards her cavalier with occasional smiles and nods, while she gave her undivided attention to the business before her. She liked a prattle at her ear, and had the rare gift of seeming to understand it.

Having finally decided how the jacket was to be cut, how it was to be decorated, and what it was to cost, she became light hearted, and for conversation's sake began to babble of her doubts. She wondered if she had chosen right? Did he think that the shape would go with the latest gowns? Was it too heavy? Was it not too light? Would it be very becoming? To all these questions she waited for no answer, but stepped daintily into her brougham. Then she gave the gentleman some fingers, beautifully gloved, through the window, and said, smiling, "I have half a mind to go back and countermand it. Would you be so good as to tell me the time? Thank you so much. How late! And I have forgotten little Bobby's medicine again. I guess I won't go back about the jacket. Home!" Thereupon she was swept away, leaving Mr. Airey with his hat in his hand. He stood, holding his hat and staring after the carriage, until a fat French lady of fashion pushed him off the payment while her little darling of a dog ran between his legs. Having unwound himself from the animal's chain and muttered an apology to its owner, Mr. Airey put on his hat and heaved a sigh. "I have forgotten little Bobby's medicine again?" he repeated, as he moved away. "And they talk of the frivolity of French women. Poor little Bobby!" This moralist has a tender heart, and delights to exercise it. Pathetic were the pictures which he conjured up of the little innocent. He thought of tiny Tim and little Paul Dombey. He fancied the sick child lying like a faded flower on his small bed, and lisping blessings on his mother, whose whole mind was concentrated on the choice of a winter jacket. She had forgotten the medicine again. How often had she forgotten it? Perhaps for months that little blighted child had been sighing for the lively tonic of the dark brown cod liver oil; but the hand which should have administered the draught, while its fellow soothed the pillow of the sufferer, was poising bonnets or flingering fringes. Perhaps at that very moment poor little Bobby was looking his last look into his mother's eyes, and whispering, "Never mind, mother, it's too late. I shan't want the physic now. You may take it all yourself." "But this is weakness," said Mr. Airey to himself, as he found the tears in his eyes. He went home like a man bent on discharging a duty, and springing light as a French thinker from the participant to the general wrote in his diary, "American women have even less feeling than Parisian."

A week passed and Mr. Airey had not called upon his Boston acquaintances. It was no small sacrifice. Had any one ever told him that he was in love with a married woman, his neatly arranged hair would have risen and betrayed the thin places. Nevertheless, on some of those platforms which in countless numbers lie between the abyss of love and the heights of sublime indifference, the estimable gentleman moved with ease and grace. The pleasure which he felt in the society of a charming woman was, to some extent, unlike that which he derived from the conversation of his maiden aunt or his former tutor. The unlike element, whatever it may be, never troubled his conscience; but when he was forced to disapprove of an attractive woman, he manfully resisted his inclination for her company. He resisted his tendency to call upon the Armsteads for a full week. "Unmothered mother!—heartless, pitiless!" he frequently repeated to himself, recalling the words of Tehmah, with the tone thereby raising himself to a heroic elevation. Yet he was decidedly bored. He had walked daily on the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli and the Champs Elysees. He had stared into all the chocolate shops, and gaped at the allegorical works of Rubens in the Louvre. He had moralized before the ruins of the Tuileries, and had scanned with approval that costly triumph and indigestible ginger bread, distant cousin of our own Albert Memorial, the new Opera House. He had laughed under protest at M. Lecocq's last opera, and started with blank amazement at the newest social problem of M. Dumas—a problem on the immediate solution of which the existence of society evidently depended, while he and the majority of mankind had been completely ignorant of its existence. Mr. Airey was bored, but still he would not yield. It is strange, if we consider his fixed determination, that he remembered the Armsteads' number so clearly; yet more strange that on the eighth day after their former meeting he had his hand on the bell of their apartment. Perhaps he went to moralize, perhaps to offer medicine. The door was opened by a French maid, who was crying in a most becoming manner. The visitor's imagination was aroused. "Is it Bobby?" he gasped. She nodded prettily. She could not speak for weeping. She led the way into the first room, and after a moment's hesitation he followed her. The sight which he beheld was indeed surprising. On the table stood a bottle of physic, and by it the most delicate of sweet breads untasted. Mr. Armstead, his somewhat rugged face softened by emotion, was bending, like a breech-loader with the charge withdrawn, over a comfortable sofa. Opposite to him was his wife, who had sunk upon the floor, and, with tears pouring down her cheeks, was soothing the little sufferer. The little sufferer! Between husband and wife, propped by the softest pillows, draped by the softest shawls, important, and deeply conscious of his importance, reclined the prince of pugs. Mr. Armstead came forward. "How do you do, sir?" he said; "I hoped that you were the physician. Have you any acquaintance with the maladies of dogs?" "None whatever," said Mr. Airey, tartly; "and, indeed, I am glad to see that you can interest yourself in a dog at such a moment." "At such a moment?" repeated the other, slowly. "When little Bobby"—began the Englishman, visibly affected. "Why sir, this is little Bobby."

At the sound of his name, uttered in that measured tone which he knew so well, the sufferer turned a plaintive eye upon the intruder. "Behold how the great-minded suffer!" he seemed to say. His skin was so loose that it would have been well had an accomplished workwoman gathered it in at his waist. His coat was starry, and his tail, that sign of his nobility, uncurled. The lines about his ebon visage were deepened by illness. The face told of suffering, but of a certain pride in the interest which it excited. The large dark eye was turned upon Mr. Airey, but awoke no pity in his breast. That he should have expended a whole week's sentiment upon a sick dog! As well sit down in the ditch with the great Mr. Sterne to lament over a dead monkey. "I think I had better go," said the moralist, with a glance at Mrs. Armstead. "I am afraid that my wife is not equal to conversation at present. I trust that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you under happier circumstances." "Ah, thanks, I'm sure, ah," murmured the visitor, and he glanced again at the lady. She was wholly unconscious of his presence. She was holding the limp right hand of the patient in her own, and was bathing it with her tears. Mr. Airey departed abruptly.

The next morning, as the moralist was toying with his breakfast and meditating fitfully on the New England character, a curious note was brought to him. It was shaped like a fan. He opened it with a sniff of scorn. "Another novelty—to be exclaimed testily. Our muscular pots are made like beer jugs; we shall soon have beer jugs in the shape of bath, and baths disguised as hansom cabs. Marvellous power of invention, truly!" He spread out the sham fan, and read the nimble-pointed characters:

"DEAR MR. AIREY: How you must have wondered at my strange conduct yesterday! I was in the deepest despair, and quite unfit to receive anybody. To-day all looks bright again. The dear doctor came soon after you left. He is reckoned very clever, and attends for dogs of the best people in Paris of all parties. The favorite hound of the Duc d'Aumerle, La Marquite de Haldefoe's famous spaniels (of course you remember M. Cashin's brilliant *mot*), and M. Bureta's love poodle, Praterdite, are among his patients. He says that our little Bobby has no serious malady, but recommends a warmer climate. So we start at once for the South, and shall winter at Nice. I should prefer the Nile, but hear that boats are so irritating for dogs. Will you do me a great favor and send me some cleansing tablets when you go back to London? I would not trouble you but they are invaluable for Bobby's skin. My husband is in despair at having to leave without returning your visit. Perhaps we may meet somewhere in the South. Very cordially yours,

"PRUDENCE ARMSTEAD."

"I buy tablets for that cur!" cried Mr. Airey. "Well, I suppose I shall," he added. He took down his diary, and wrote in it with air of one who fulfills an important duty: "American women are absurdly over sensitive."

MEN OF GENIUS.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Silent the Lord of the world
Eyes from the heavenly height,
Girt by his far shining train,
Us, who with banners unfurled,
Fight life's many chanced fight
Stadly below in the plain.

Then saith the Lord to his own:
"See ye the battle low,
Turmoil of death and of birth?
Too long let we them groan;
Hasten, arise ye and go,
Carry my peace upon earth."

Gladly they rise at His call,
Gladly they take His command,
Gladly descend to the plain,
Alas! how few of them all—
Those willing servants—shall stand
In their Master's presence again!

Some in the tumult are lost;
Baffled, bewildered they stray;
Some as prisoners draw breath;
Others—the bravest—are crossed
On the bridge of their blood-followed way
By the swift rushing missile of Death.

Hardly, hardly shall one
Come with countenance bright,
O'er the cloud wrapt perilous plain,
His Master's, errand well done,
Safe through the smoke of the fight,
Back to his Master again.

HABITS OF COMPOSERS.

Gluck is said never to have put pen to paper until the whole work which he was about to write was completely finished and elaborated in his own mind. This is also the case with Monsieur Gounod, whose prodigious memory enables him to retain a whole opera in his head without making sketch or memorandum until every detail is in its place and ready for committing to paper. But to return to Gluck. "He has, often told me," says M. Corenses, "that he began by going mentally over each of his acts; afterward he went over the entire piece; that he always composed, imagining himself in the centre of the pit; and that, his piece thus combined and his airs characterized, he regarded the work as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation usually cost him an entire year, and most frequently a serious illness. "This," said said he, 'is what a great number of people call making canzonets.'" Miss Hawkins, in her "Anecdotes," relates of Handel that, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." He would frequently burst into tears while writing, and is said to have been found by a visitor sobbing uncontrollably when in the act of setting, "He was despised." Shield tells us "that his servant, who brought his coffee in the morning, often stood in silent astonishment to see the master's tears mixing in the ink, as he penned his divine notes." The story of Handel repeatedly leaving his guests at the dinner-table with the exclamation, "I have one thought," and repairing to another room to regale himself privately, over and anon, with draughts of champagne from a dozen which he had received as a present, may be dismissed as unworthy of serious belief, opposed as it is to the genial and hearty disposition of the master, who would not be likely to keep to himself the enjoyment of any delicacy, especially when friends were dining at his table. That he was a large eater is highly probable, if we consider the heavy amount of both mental and bodily fatigue that he constantly endured, and which must have made a proportionate supply of food necessary to keep up his health and energy to the normal pitch. When he became blind, he grew depressed and low-spirited, his appetite failed, and he not long after died. Gluck, again—of whom Handel, said that he knew no more counterpoint "as mein cook"—"in order to warm his imagination," says Carpani, "and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him, and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two 'Iphigenias,' his 'Orpheus,' and his other works." This reminds us of the famous *bon mot* of the witty Sophie Arnold, who, one evening, when Mlle. Laguerre, more than half-drunk, was playing "Iphegenie en Aulide" at the opera said, "Tiens—c'est *Iphigenie en champagne*."

A QUESTION OF DAMAGES.—A colored citizen of Ohio street maintains a fatally dog about six inches high and eight inches long. The said dog never tried to eat anyone up until yesterday, when he attacked a pedestrian and nipped his leg. The pedestrian at once called the owner of the dog out of doors and demanded damages.

"What's de proofs of de bite?" inquired the colored man.

"Right there," replied the victim, exhibiting a black and blue spot.

"And what's de damage?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Shoo! You can have the dog for a dollar."

"Makes no difference," continued the man. "I don't say that he has inflicted five hundred dollars' worth of physical damage. I estimate it at only two shillings, but I can lie awake at nights and think of hydrophobia for no small sum."

"I can never pay dat sum."

"Then I'll sue you!"

"Very well. I'll adjourn de suit till de bite gets well, and den what will yer proofs be?"

The man reflected a moment and said:

"I see. We must come down to physical damages."

The colored man knocked the dog in the head with the spade, and as the animal kicked his last he remarked:

"If you has been bitten by a dog I don't know muffin about it it. I used to own a little dog, but he's dead now! If dar's any more talk 'bout damages around heah I'll climb over de fence and hurt some white man."

"Yes, these are awful hard times," said a Wall street broker, as he stood on his steps, talking to a friend, last evening. "Mighty tough, I expect," was the reply. "Why," said the broker, "I've been investing and investing for a year back—a pile of money, I assure you—and I find I've been losing like fury." "Indeed?" "True's I'm living. I've lost a cent I've lost more than $300,000." "No?" "Certain," continued the broker, "and what makes me feel the worst, is that fully $150 of it was my own."

DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

She was watching at the window.
As I hurried down the street,
In the simple brown merino
That I deem looks so neat,
And her smile I thought portentous—
It was so exceeding sweet.

Then she met me at the threshold
With a very loving kiss
That recalled the early stages
Of our matrimonial bliss—
And I felt at once a tremor—
Was there anything amiss?

No! the children were all quiet,
And the hearth was very bright,
And my pet—our roguish Charlie—
Was quite vestal in his white;
Yet I bruised myself for something,
He that something what it might.

My chair was near the fire,
And my slippers by its side—
My pipe was very handy,
And my papers open wide;
And she wore the pretty breast-pin
That I gave her when a bride.

The dinner was perfection;
It was lavish without waste;
The soup was vermicelli,
And exactly to my taste;
While the dessert was a triumph
Of artistic skill and paste.

And when the meal was over,
She drew her chair beside me,
With the baby on her breast,
I felt, and so I told her,
I was one among the blest.

Oh! the smile of tender radiance
That illumined all her face,
As I clasped her to my bosom,
In the lover's fond embrace,
It was then she softly whispered,
"Won't you let me have that lace?"

AN OCCASIONAL FRIEND.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver C. Burton, as their wedding cards had announced the young couple a year before, were seated at the breakfast table with an undeniable expression of discomfort upon both faces. Oliver himself, a fine-looking man of about twenty-four, looked out of temper. Amy, his pretty blonde wife, looked harassed and unhappy, but not cross.

"I wish I could please you, Olly," she said, with a piteous droop in the corner of her mouth. "I do try, and if you would only give me an hour of warning, perhaps—"

"An hour of warning!" broke in Oliver, in a petulant tone: "that's just like a woman. How can I tell when I am going to meet a friend I should like to invite to dinner? Yesterday, for instance, I met Ned Hayward quite unexpectedly in the car, and he's only in town a few days. Of course I asked him to dinner, and found pork and beans.

"But you like pork and beans."

"But you should always provide something else. Ned detests them."

"But if Mr. Hayward had not come, the something else would have been wasted, as we all like pork and beans."

"I cannot understand why it is I always find some mortifying deficiency whenever I bring any one here to dine. Last week John Hall found nothing but mutton chops and potatoes."

"It was washing day. You see, Olly, we really cannot afford to have a company dinner every day, and—"

"There! there! always the old story. We seem to afford other things very well. I don't mind the cost. I never stint you in housekeeping funds."

"No, Olly; and if you really do not mind the cost, I might—"

"Manage it any way you like, but do let me find a decent meal when I bring home an occasional friend. There kiss, and be friends."

Amy was willing enough to put up her pretty lips for a kiss, but after her lord had left the house, she carried a perplexed face for a long time. She did want her husband's home to be the most perfect spot on earth in his own eyes, and faithfully tried to make it so. But the little wife had been brought up in a family where a limited income ruled all expenditures, and she knew well that her husband's salary required careful management to keep them out of debt. Debt was her horror, while Oliver thought but little of a bill here and there, having, as yet, had none large enough to be an annoyance.

Amy had proved herself a treasure in housekeeping—neat, orderly and economical—and her husband was justly proud of his wife and his home. But his reckless hospitality was a sore thorn in Amy's side. She was glad to see his gentlemen friends, when she knew they were coming to visit her, and she took innocent pride in spreading before them her choicest cooking and daintiest dishes. But she seldom knew they were coming till Oliver put his head in her chamber door, or the kitchen, to tell her Tom, Dick or Harry had come home with him to dinner, and they were in a hurry. And it did seem to poor Amy as if an evil fate possessed Oliver to select the very worst days for such visitations. The meal that on a busy day Oliver would have eaten with a keen relish, looked poor when he saw his fastidious friend, who boarded at the ——— hotel, partaking of it. And yet, as Amy said, his salary did not warrant a company dinner for every day.

Then there were washing days, when something must be cooked that could be quickly served; ironing days, when if they were alone, Oliver declared pork and beans a dinner fit for a king; there were days when yesterday's big joint of meat must be eaten cold, warmed up, or wasted; days when the range would not bake well, and the dinner in prospect had to be abandoned, and a hurried meal prepared on the top of the fire; in short, days that all housekeepers know by experience are the very last ones when they want to see strange faces at their tables. Yet, if Amy was all ready on six days, and all in confusion on the seventh it was surely on that very seventh day that Oliver had a friend unexpectedly to dinner.

It was no use to tell him in the morning; the sight of an old comrade's face drove the warning completely out of his head.

So, on the morning whereof I have already written, Amy went about her daily duties with a heavy heart and a troubled face. But the postman left her a letter, after reading which she suddenly cleared up wonderfully, and seemed immensely relieved.

"I'll try," she said. "Perhaps Oliver will realize then what it costs."

But no word of her mysterious resolution passed her lips when her husband came home, nor did she allude to her letter. There was no stranger at her table for three or four days, but she waited patiently, knowing Oliver would soon find a friend for her to make her first experiment in her new plan. She was always very careful about the appointments of her table, trusting nothing to the servant in that department, so she was not afraid of any guest finding disorder or neglect there, but Oliver's idea of guest dishes had been a sore trouble to her.

"Amy," he called, about a week after the important conversation recorded, "Will Ferris has come home with me. Now don't tell me we have nothing fit to set before him."

"Can you give me half an hour?" Amy asked, cheerfully."

"Yes—not more. We are going to the lodge together."

"I'll be ready."

Oliver beamed with satisfaction as he motioned his guest to a seat at the table. A small turkey, browned to perfection, was the leading dish; various vegetables, and dainty selection of sauces and pickles, and a most delightful pie, finished the repast.

"I knew Amy could do it if she tried," thought Oliver, "and now that she finds I am in earnest, she will manage to give my friends a decent meal, if they are not heralded twenty-four hours in advance."

Not a week later another friend was invited on the spur of the moment, arriving when the dinner was actually served. But Amy asked for only a few minutes, and magically there was served an exquisite, repast, perfectly cooked. Again and again Oliver came home with a friend, and a delightful certainty of a good dinner. Amy Burton never complained now of his hospitality, gave his friends a smiling welcome, and Oliver found home more charming than ever.

Two months passed, and the occasional friend came very often to dinner. The slight restraint Oliver had felt was quite removed by the new and delightful change in Amy's management; and yet the variety and quality of the company dishes never failed. But Mrs. Burton, consulting her account book, understood that the time was rapidly approaching when Oliver must understand how this magic machinery was kept in order; must see where the mysterious delicacies that appear so promptly were

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THE CENTENNIAL: OPENING THE GROUNDS ON SUNDAY.

The disregard of the question of opening the Centennial on Sunday, by the Commission while in session, and the adjournment of that body until July, has settled the matter, perhaps up to that period. Much has been said on the subject, *pro* and *con*, and the arguments advanced on either side are worthy of consideration. The plea of giving working-men, who can illy spare the time during the laboring days, an opportunity to visit and examine the vast affair is advanced—not as much by the laboring men themselves as by those who, through a *seeming* desire to advance the interests of our workmen, wish to gain for themselves that which they ask for others. They claim, also, that it is placing a restriction on our republican freedom, and that it makes foreign visitors conform to our "Puritanical ideas," in utter disregard of their own customs. Granting that this latter be true, which we beg to question, it is not an invulnerable argument. Mohammedans, Jews, or any other people who observe a different day for worship than our Sunday are not forced to change their customs, but merely to pay that respect for our laws, while residing in our country, which one nation owes to another; it is only the deference which every guest owes to his host. Believing that our "Puritanical ideas" are not, after all, over-reaching in their strictness or observance, it is but compatible that every true citizen should desire to uphold them. If the majority of our citizens were and are in favor of opening the Centennial on Sunday, why did they not instruct their legislators to amend the law in reference thereto? In authorizing the Centennial anniversary of our national Independence, Congress declared that it was in nowise to conflict with the laws of that State in which it should be held. The laws of the United States and of Pennsylvania prohibit the opening of public exhibitions on the Sabbath, and the opening of the Centennial would be an absolute disregard of national law, and render the commissioners amenable, as well as an "overriding" of the State laws.

The Centennial is a place for barter, and if it is to be opened there should be no restriction placed upon business, and the storekeepers would have an equal right to open their doors on the Sabbath and sell goods to their customers. There is no difference, in a legal point of view, between opening the stores in cities on the Sabbath and opening the Centennial to the public. Both expose goods for exhibition and traffic. It would be far better to lower the price of admission, and thus give the workingman an opportunity to take his family without such an expense as it would now necessitate; the cost of admission is equally an important item with "losing a day." We have heard it asserted by business men who employ a large number of people that they would not refuse to "give their employees a day," and we know of many, who, when the times were not so hard have presented their "hands" with tickets to many entertainments or excursions. Of course such generosity is not general—the more's the pity—but now, notwithstanding the universal cry of "hard times," there are men who would give their employees (referring to such as could not afford to *lose* any time,) a day for the purpose of visiting the Exhibition. It is but a fair tribute to American capitalists to say that as a general rule they are a generous class, and lenient and just to those whom they, in a measure, control.

The church conventions have nearly all given their *ultimatum* against the opening on Sunday of the Centennial, and noted public men and clergymen have advanced their reasons according to the side on which their theories place them. As a christian nation which both parties agree we are, or claim to be—it is necessary to adhere to the customs and laws of our goodly ancestors. Subserviency to the laws of their government is a trait to be most admired in any people, and to cast aside an act, which every conscientious thinker must allow is in perfect keeping with our civilization, is not to be construed into anything but a deviation from the direct path which characterizes a people inclined to adhere to the laws which they have themselves made.

Hon. Benjamin Brewster addressed a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, in favor of the opening of the Centennial on Sunday, in which he said it was against no law of the Commonwealth, and if it were the "free and independent people of the Commonwealth would trample that law in the dust." It is a mooted question among legal men as yet whether it is contrary to an act of the Assembly, and those who desire to, it seems, can pervent the law, or its meaning, to suit their own views. However, it was not very patriotic but seems like a sort of bravado to gain the political favor of the side he advocated, for Mr. Brewster to assert that our citizens would trample any law in the dust! A law even if dictated by a Pharisaical sentiment, is binding and the penalty the same as though it were the unanimous affirmation of the people; the question is one, which, aside from religious considerations, is worthy of thought, and each and every citizen is entitled to have a voice in that which may affect the future of the country, and the freedom and equality of the masses.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The following has been issued by the President, and is worthy of consideration in every community. It may, if followed out, be not only of vast benefit in bringing out local histories, but serve to perpetuate them:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, A joint Resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States was duly approved on the 13th day of March last, which resolution is as follows:

Be it resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it be and is hereby recommended by the Senate and House of Representatives, to the people of the several States, that they assemble in their several counties or towns on the approaching Centennial anniversary of our national independence, and that they cause to have delivered on such day an historical sketch of such county or town from its foundation, and that a copy of said sketch be filed in print or manuscript in the clerk's office of said county, and an additional copy in print or manuscript be filed in the office of the Librarian of Congress, to the intent that a complete record may be obtained of the progress of our institutions during the first centennial of their existence.

And whereas, it is deemed proper that such recommendation be brought to the notice and knowledge of the people of the United States; now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known the same, in the hope that the object of such resolution may meet the approval of the people of the United States, and that proper steps may be taken to carry the same into effect.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington, the 25th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1876, and of the independence of the United States the 100th. U. S. GRANT.

By the President: Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.

—Mary Clemmer makes this little contribution to history in this week's *Independent*: "Simon Cameron and Roscoe Conkling drove past my window on Sunday afternoon. They were in earnest conversation, and there was not even a driver for a listener. The thought passed through my mind: 'I wonder what I shall hear in the morning?' All I heard before the next set of sun was that the son of old 'Warwick' had been made Secretary of War and that Pennsylvania was to declare for Conkling."

[Correspondence of Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 30, 1876.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—New York to-day is Sunday-like in its calm and the utter cessation of all business—excepting in the saloons—for decoration day is being celebrated with unwonted unanimity and enthusiasm. All the statues of our honored patriot dead, in and about New York, are wreathed or embowered with evergreens and surrounded by flowers, and at an early hour this forenoon, huge trucks laden with, literally, tons of flowers, were sent off to the various cemeteries, accompanied by troops, bands, orators, clergymen, and a miscellaneous multitude for the decoration of soldiers graves. This, so far as the public can see, is about the only thing that the Grand Army of the Republic is good for, but in this it certainly does its work well, so far at least as New York is concerned. Brooklyn got up a sort of independent decoration day on Sunday last, possibly with a hope of calling a little special attention from the recording angel to something which might be regarded as a set-off to some of the ugly pages about their town.

Old Commodore Vanderbilt lies in his room, where he has laid for several days past, not caring a continental whether it is Decoration Day or Christmas, for he doesn't expect to live but a few hours longer. His physicians have given up all hope of saving him, and say it is only a question of time—short time at that—when he ceases to breathe. He has been threatening to die for so long a time, and been reported dead so often, and has made so much money on the stock flurries consequent upon his supposed demises, that now people don't seem willing to believe that he is in earnest about it. But wait until he does go, then see if there is not a lively day in the stock market.

The rumors of a contest over Stewart's will are gradually solidifying, and there does now seem reason to believe that a family named Turney, claiming to be relatives, are actually about to make the attempt. It is difficult to conceive, however, upon what they base their hopes. The man was in sound mind, had a right to do what he pleased with his own, and I can't see what good it would do to anybody on earth, or what credit it would be in heaven to prove relationship with him. If the Turney's could prove that he was their father, there might be some interest attaching to their effort, inasmuch as there are each as old as he was, there seems to be a little impracticability about that.

The Congressional Committee now sitting here, unravel more and more fraud, rascality and corruption everywhere in the various branches of governmental service, and the question no longer is where will they find the anticipated rottenness, but where will they choose to find it first. I am rather surprised to see how easily they have let up on Bliss, thus far, if some of the averments made to me concerning certain facts are true, but perhaps they have not got around to him in earnest yet.

On Thursday next, another attempt is to be made to ride the great mustang race, 305 miles in 15 hours by one rider, using thirty "bronchos" in the feat. It failed once, you know, but the same plucky fellow who tried it then, is going to make another effort. Parker is his name. The chief wonder to me is how those "bronchos" can be ridden at all. For sheer unadulterated and unmitigated deviltry, they are as much worse than mules as mules are worse than lambs.

A new printing house was formally opened here yesterday, which occupies a seven-story building, worth $300,000, and has a stock of material and machinery worth $400,000 more.

SANS NOM.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, in consequence of the reduction of the passenger rates to the West on the New York Central and Erie railroads, has reduced its fare as follows:

	Regular Rates from Phila.	Reduced Rates.
To Chicago	$22 00	$14 00
To Cincinnati	20 00	12 25
To Cleveland	14 25	9 35
To Columbus	17 50	9 90
To Indianapolis	21 00	13 35
To Louisville	24 00	16 35
To Quincy	30 00	21 30
To St. Louis	27 00	18 30
To Fort Wayne	18 50	11 00
To Omaha	38 00	30 40
To Kansas City	38 00	29 30

This is a much needed reduction, but the fare is not low enough yet to allow the influx of visitors from the West to the Centennial that would come if it was lowered in accordance with the reduction generally made on excursions to State fairs, &c. Compared with that of a few years ago, railroad travel is indeed cheap, but in such a case as this it should be in accordance with the times as well as the number of travelers.

The last of the Republican State Conventions to nominate delegates to Cincinnati were held yesterday. The Iowa Republicans were unanimous for Mr. Blaine for President, and put forth a hard-money resumption, free civilized immigration, and reform platform. The Louisianians chose an unpledged delegation, but resolved that they want an honest President. Several Democratic Conventions were also held. That in Maryland passed hard-money resolutions. No declaration as to a candidate was made, but the party is for Senator Bayard. The Alabama Democrats accomplished little and adjourned until to-day. The Virginia Conservatives had an enthusiastic Convention, with speeches by ex-Govs. Matye and Walker, Gov. Kemper, John Goode, Jr., and Congressman Sparks.

—Perhaps the people most interested in the quick railroad trip from Jersey City to San Francisco, whereby Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, expects to reach San Francisco in season to appear there on Monday evening next as Henry V., are the theatrical people. The locomotive left Jersey City at 1 o'clock this morning, and will not stop until it reaches Pittsburg, say at 10 o'clock this morning. Omaha will probably be reached by 10 o'clock to-morrow (Friday) morning, Salt Lake by noon on Saturday, and San Francisco early on Sunday afternoon. It passed through Bristol at about quarter past two o'clock this morning. The train consists of a baggage and mail car, a hotel car and a drawing-room car. The gentlemen accompanying Mr. Barrett are Messrs Jarrett and Palmer (as far as Pittsburg), Col. Thomas Scott and General Ticket Agent Boyd of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., and the special correspondents of the London *Times*, London *Illustrated News* and New York *Herald*. It is to be hoped that in this extraordinary hurry to reach California, no accidents will occur.

—Abdul Aziz, who has been Sultan of Turkey since 1861, was deposed by his Ministers on Monday night. His nephew, Murad Effendi, being the heir presumptive, was immediately proclaimed Sultan. The immediate cause of the ex-Sultan's downfall was the discontent of the Softas (officials and attendants of the mosques), who demanded last week that the Sultan should cease to be Caliph, that is, spiritual head of the Mohammedans. The boldness of this request appears to have rendered him powerless to resist further concessions. The change is regarded with comparative favor in Europe. It is understood that the new Sultan will introduce reforms. Order is maintained at Constantinople.

—The Chairman and Secretary of the National Executive Council of the Independent party yesterday notified Mr. Peter Cooper of his nomination as President by the Indianapolis Convention. Mr. Cooper said there was a bare possibility that the financial measures sought by the Independents might be had through the Republican or Democratic party, and he accepted the nomination conditionally, with the hope that the Independents "might attain their aims, while permitting him to step aside and remain in that quiet which is most congenial to his nature and his time of life."

—A committee representing the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and composed of Rev. D. Steele, D. D., and Messrs. James Stewart, Alex. Kerr, and Thomas Gibson, waited on the Executive Committee of the Centennial Commissioners yesterday, and presented resolutions strongly endorsing the Commission in refusing to open the Exhibition on Sunday.

—The Western fruit crops promises to be the largest ever produced, and wheat never made so good a show.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—Governor Tilden, of New York, will come to the Exhibition on the Fourth of July, escorted by the Albany Zouave Cadets as a body-guard.

—The statue of Columbus, the gift of Italy to America, is to arrive from Carrara in time to be inaugurated on the 4th of July, in Philadelphia.

—Mr. Brooks Adams has accepted the invitation to read the Declaration of Independence at the Centennial celebration of the Fourth of July in Boston.

—It is becoming fashionable for people who visit the Centennial to take their lunch baskets well filled with them, which saves them being swindled by the restaurants.

—The daily admissions to the Centennial grounds are gradually increasing, and for the first two weeks they were nearly double the admissions at Vienna for the corresponding period.

—Henry Disston & Sons, of the Keystone Saw and File Works, gave with last week's wages, a silver half-dollar to each of their thousand employees to admit them to the Centennial Exhibition, which they visited last Saturday.

—The design of the new Centennial stamped envelopes is a green escutcheon with a mail carrier on horseback, representing 1776, and an express train representing 1876. These dates are on the stamps, together with the words Centennial—United States—three cents.

By sending both artisans and laborers to study our industries exhibited at Philadelphia, France pays a gratifying compliment to our progress in manufactures and agriculture. Fifteen years ago foreign mechanics could not have learned much from us. Now they can acquire a great deal of useful knowledge in nearly every art.

—Congress having authorized the loan of 700 wall and 60 hospital tents to the Mexican Veteran Association, to be used during their visit to the Centennial Exhibition, the Quartermaster General has sent a communication to Congress stating that the supply of tents is small, and that if the loan is made for the summer, it will be at a cost of $18,000, as other tents will have to be manufactured for the army.

—The banner procured by the ladies of New York to be presented to the Women's Pavilion at the Centennial Exhibition was presented at Albany, on Tuesday evening, by ex-Gov. Seymour on the part of the ladies to ex-Gov. Hoffman, who received it on behalf of the Women's Pavilion. It is of blue silk, richly embroidered, and measures 12 feet by 18. It is inscribed with these words, worked in gold: "From the daughters of New York to their sisters of the Union." Beneath the dates 1776 and 1876 are the words, "The Lord God be with us as he was with our fathers." An ode written for the occasion by William Cullen Bryant was read by the Hon. Lyman Tremain. The funds to pay for the banner were raised in small sums from a large number of contributors. It cost a little over $2,000, and the surplus raised will be contributed to the Mount Vernon Fund. The following is the ode by Mr. Bryant:

> This flag by gentle fingers wrought,
> That with the breath of Summer plays,
> May its fair drapery only float
> O'er happy grounds on festal days.
>
> And far, O far may be the hour
> That calls the children of the land,
> Amid the battle's iron shower,
> To bear it with a fearless hand.
>
> Yet, when the foes of freedom fling
> The bolts of war with deadly aim,
> A million gallant hearts shall spring
> To shield its sacred folds from shame.

—Col. J. Ross Snowden has issued the following notice in reference to the National Loan Exhibition:—

"The Historical Board has resolved to supplement the collection at the Hall of Independence by placing objects of historical interest in a room appropriated for that purpose at the Academy of Fine Arts. The undersigned has been requested to procure and take charge of a Medal and Numismatic Department, in connection with the above. He requests the co-operation of societies and individuals who are in the possession of medals of historical interest or rare American coin, Colonial or National, and are willing to place them either temporarily or permanently in the Museum collection. Such societies or individuals are requested to send the medals and coins to the Academy of Fine Arts. The building is entirely fire-proof, and articles placed therein will be perfectly secure, and those loaned for the occasion will be returned to the owners at the close of the Centennial Exposition.

"JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN.
Chairman Medal and Numismatic Department."

THE INDIAN WAR.

Latest reports from Fort Laramie give accounts of the hostile demonstrations of the Indians. One hundred Crows have been procured as scouts, as no trustworthy Sioux could be secured. It is said that Red Cloud and other chiefs were very impudent to Gen. Crook in his recent interviews with them at the agency. Red Cloud told him that they were not children or squaws, to be persuaded to fight against their brethren; that they could easily muster six thousand warriors, and were not afraid of any force he (Crook) could bring into the field. A number of lodges had left the agency to join Crazy Horse, but a portion of them returned when it was ascertained that Company K. Second Cavalry, Capt. James Egan, and Company F. Ninth Infantry, First Lieut. W. W. Rogers, had left Fort Laramie for the Black Hills. These troops do not accompany Gen. Crook.

In view of these facts, it is not easily understood why the Government continues to furnish rations to the Indians at the agencies. If discontinued, there will be little difficulty in bringing the refractory bands to satisfactory terms; otherwise, it may result in the loss of many valuable lives and the expenditure of considerable money.

The *Cheyenne Sun* makes the serious charge that the plans of Gen. Crook to draw a dividing line between the professedly friendly Indians and those who were hostile, and to secure the aid of the former in subduing the latter, were frustrated by two white men, both of whom are officers of the Government. It says that when the General went to the Red Cloud Agency he found many of the Indians ready and willing to accompany him, which would have so weakened the party remaining that his rear would have been comparatively safe; but that Inspector Vandever and Agent Hastings openly and actively protested against the arrangement.

It looks as though a needless, and what promises to be a bloody and expensive war is to result from jobbing in the Interior Department, and violation by government officials of the stipulations of treaties, and then in occasions of revolts our soldiers are sent against a foe well supplied with the best firearms—and supplied by the officers of the Government. If the Cheyenne journal charges be true, the efforts of the commanders of our troops to array several thousand warriors on our side is frustrated by the efforts of officials of the War Department, and it is not to be wondered at that army officers protest against the present state of Indian affairs.

A STRANGE STORY.—Troy, N. Y., has just had a startling sensation. A newspaper man charged one Dr. Camp with having sold an infant out of the county house to the wife of Jack Goddard, a cornet player. On a trial for libel the editor proved the truth of the charge and was acquitted, but the facts developed caused a breaking up of the Goddard family. It seems that Mrs. Goddard was not blessed with children. Her husband's love for her was unbounded, but she knew that he would love her better could she only present him with a pledge. She began, too, to fear that if she should remain childless, his affection would die away; so she thought to deceive him, by purchasing a child, by bribing Dr. Camp to get one out of the almshouse for her during one of his protracted absences with a traveling show. The husband was overjoyed on his return, and the wife, living in the security of Dr. Camp's promise of secrecy, was supremely happy. But when Dr. Camp found that the editor knew the secret he wrote to Goddard telling him of the deception practiced on him by his wife. The angered and griefstricken husband wrote to his wife, enclosing Camp's letter, and told her that he could never live with her again. She is now in straightened circumstances and overwhelmed with grief and shame, but clings to the babe with the love of a true mother and refuses to part with it. There is some hope that through the kind offices of friends the unhappy pair may be brought together again, as the fault committed by the wife was not a criminal one, and was intended rather to promote the happiness of her husband.

—The body of a man was found in a creek at North Bergen, N. J., on Tuesday, and was identified yesterday as that of S. L. Burdett, lately Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington. Mr. Burdett was last seen at the Astor House, in New York, on the 13th ult. He then had in his possession several thousand dollars and some valuable jewelry.

—Governor Hartranft has appointed Chester N. Farr, Jr., of Reading, his private secretary, to succeed Major. A. Wilson Norris, who was recently appointed State reporter. Mr. Farr, by virtue of his new office, becomes Recorder of the Board of Pardons, and all communications relative to pardons should hereafter be addressed to him.

—The International Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association met in Chicago yesterday, and received reports from all parts of the country, showing a rapid increase in the number of associations and conversions through their agency.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

THE SABBATH.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—That passage, Mark ii, xxvii, is often quoted, but it is not as often correctly understood.

Let us see what Albert Barnes, the most practical and reliable of all the commentators, says of it:

"The Sabbath was made for man, for his rest from toil, from the cares and anxieties of the world, to give an opportunity to cast off his attention from earthly concerns and direct it to the affairs of eternity."

It was a kind provision for man that he might refresh his body by relaxing his labors; that he might have undisturbed time to seek the consolations of religion to cheer him in the anxieties and sorrows of a troubled world; and that he might render to God that homage which is most justly due to him as the Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer of the world. And it is easily capable of proof that no institution has been more signally blessed to man's welfare than the Christian Sabbath.

To that we owe more than to anything else, the peace and order of a civilized community.

On that holy day, the poor and the ignorant, as much the rich and the learned, have undisturbed time to learn the requirements of religion, the nature of morals, and the law of God, and the way of salvation.

Where this day is observed in any manner as it should be, order prevails, morals are promoted, the poor are elevated in their condition, vice flies away and the community puts on the appearance of neatness, industry, tenderness, and religion.

The Sabbath therefore was pre-eminently intended for man's welfare and the best interests of mankind demand that it should be sacredly regarded as an appointment of a merciful heaven intended for our best good, and when improved aright infallibly resulting in our temporal and eternal peace.

When we read the history of our republic and see with what care and vigilance our Fathers guarded the sacredness of the day, and with what reverence they observed it, and above all, when we learn that, in order to give stability and propriety to the principles of our government they ordered an edition of the Bible to be printed and circulated among the people, who among us, who reverence their memory, will not lend our aid in sustaining the Sabbath?

P.

—A day or two ago a well dressed man, name unknown, presented himself at the counter of the Centennial National Bank, on Market street, near Thirty-second, Philadelphia, and desired to open an account. He was referred to the cashier, and, after making a statement, which was apparently truthful, he handed over a draft drawn by the National City Bank of Brooklyn on the Union National Bank of New York for $5,000. When informed that reference or identification would be necessary, he gave the firm name of Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown, and proposed getting the endorsement of the firm, but was then told that personal identification would be also necessary. He objected to that course for the want of time, but finally said he would come back in about an hour and bring a person with him for that purpose. As soon as he had gone a messenger was despatched to Mr. Wanamaker, who said he had no knowledge of such an individual as was named. The swindler did not return, and the worthless draft is in the bank cashier's hands, he retaining it when the stranger left. The method pursued by him to swindle is not new. The celebrated Eldridge swindles of thirty-five years ago were by means of forged checks and drafts, but the offender's success was due to a system which the banks had adopted of marking checks and drafts "good" and he so marked the forgeries, and they were for a time taken without suspicion, and drawn against.

KILLED BY HIS SON.—Daniel McGowan, aged seventy, has for many years kept a tavern at Lake and Spring streets, West Hoboken, N. J. His four children lived with him, and his eldest son, Edward, generally attended behind the bar. He acquired loose habits, and soon became a habitual drunkard. On Thursday last he left the house early in the day, and toward night returned home intoxicated. His father upbraided him, and a quarrel followed. The elder McGowan ordered him out of the house, and the son refused to go. Undertaking to take hold of the son, the latter struck his father a blow with his clenched fist, which fell with crushing force on the old man's jaw, felling him to the ground. Blow followed blow, until the father lay prostrate, and then the boy kicked his father until his body was covered with bruises.

Constable John Farrel, who is the elder McGowan's son-in-law, and who lives in the upper part of the house, hearing the noise, went down stairs and prevented any further violence. McGowen was taken to his room, where he was confined to his bed until last evening, when he died.

Coroner Crane was called early in the day to take Mr. McGowan's ante-mortem deposition, but the old man refused to say anything. Dr. Gaisen, who was called a few hours only before McGowan's death, declined to give a certificate, and consequently an inquest will be held.

The son acknowledges that he beat his father, but says that the father attempted to shoot him, and he acted in self-defence. He has not been placed under arrest, and it is not likely he will be until an investigation is held.

—The sea serpent has again been seen, this time from the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental steamer, on the voyage from Bombay to Aden. A passenger first saw it from the stern of the vessel, about six o'clock in the morning, on March 18, when about 1500 miles from Bombay. At first it was miles away, a dark moving speck on the horizon. Then it came gradually nearer and nearer, until it followed in the wake, not a hundred feet from the stern. Here it was watched for hours by every one on the vessel (except the captain), and finally it advanced on the port side, raised its head high up in the air, struck the mainmast stout blows, causing the ship to sway violently—and disappeared. The captain, from design, did not look at it, because he did not wish to be joked about the sea serpent, as it would, he said, do him no good. This—which is the most remarkable sea serpent story yet published—is told by a correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, who was on the vessel. It has this advantage over most others, that the serpent was not seen near a "watering place," at the opening of "the season."

—The jewelry store of Kirby & Snow, Chapel street, New Haven, Conn., was broken into on Saturday night. The burglars then attacked the large Valentine safe in which the firm kept most of their stock. The rivets were drilled out, the clasp bar pried off, and the outer edges to the door forced apart, leaving exposed the mechanism of the lock, which was broken to pieces, and the safe opened. Every thing of value in the safe was taken including one hundred gold watches, $10,000 worth of diamonds, and all the other precious stones in sets, earrings, bars of pure gold, and silver watches. The loss is fully $30,000. A complete set of burglar's tools of the finest make were left behind. The cases which contained the jewelry were strewn about, and everything denotes that the robbery was committed by a thoroughly skilled gang. The robbery was committed between half past 10 on Saturday night and Sunday morning, and was discovered at noon. Many of the watches and diamonds were the property of customers of the firm.

—A disastrous conflagration broke out in the St. Louis suburb of Montreal, on Tuesday afternoon, when for some reason, the water was turned off from that district, and continued to rage until, at ten o'clock in the night, it was estimated that one thousand houses had been destroyed. A high wind was blowing most of the time. At ten o'clock the fire still burned fiercely, but was "somewhat under control," the wind having moderated, and water become plentiful. The fire which started in Scott street, passed through the center of the St. Louis suburb, from the western to the eastern limits, facing the fortification, then southerly to the Grand Alley, and northerly to the third street south of St. John street. As none of the buildings were valuable, the loss is estimated at little more than $1,000,000. The fields around the burned district were covered last night with goods of all descriptions, and hundreds of poor people were obliged to remain in the open air.

—John Farrel, a young profligate of Milwaukee, closed his life by his own hand on Monday. He had been prowling about the home of the wife, who had discarded him on account of his evil habits, and espying his mother-in-law in the wood shed, shot at her. Her screams that she was shot led him to believe that he had killed her, and in an instant he had sent a ball through his head. Farrell was the only son of wealthy parents, had sent his father to an early grave with a broken heart, and had spent thousands of his patrimony in debauchery. He was going from bad to worse when he so suddenly and tragically ended his existence.

—The Woman Suffrage Association held a meeting in Boston on Tuesday and elected Julia Ward Howe as President.

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NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
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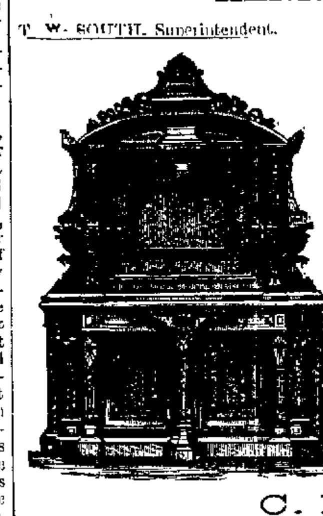

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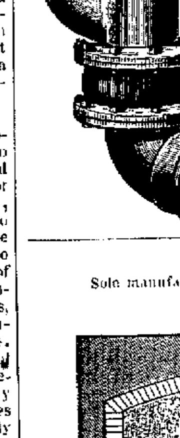

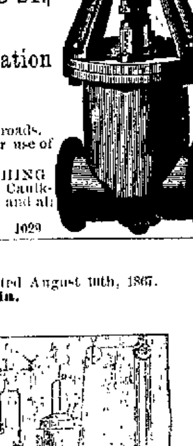

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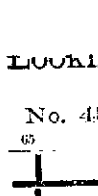

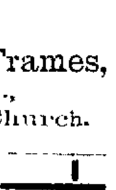

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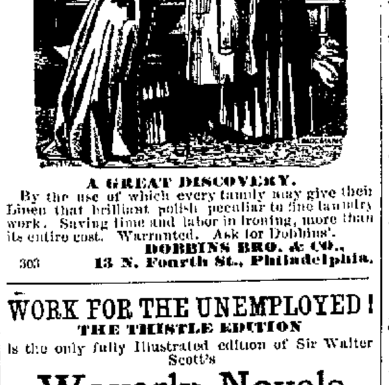

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Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:26, 9:42 A. M., 12:28, 4:06, 7:21, and 10:05 P. M. On Sundays, 12:28 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 6:25 and 9:53 A. M., 2:55, 5:10, 6:40, and 9:38 P. M.
For New York.
At 1:16, 8:15, 9:21, and 11:47 A. M., 2:25, 3:34, 3:51, 4:31, 6:12, and 7:48 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., 4:31 and 7:48 P. M.
For Trenton.
At 7:38, 8:15, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:25, 2:50, 3:34, 4:03, 4:31, 5:01, 6:01, 6:21, 7:49, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21, 10:12 A. M. and 2:50, 7:48 P. M.
The 7.38, 11.09, A. M., 4.03, and 6.01 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.
From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 6:55, and 10:15 A. M., 2:05, 3:30, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. On Sundays, 9:15 A. M., and 2:05 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 7:00, 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 1:35, 2:30, 3:15, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night. On Sundays, 8:30, A. M. 3:45, 7:00 P. M.
From New York.
At 4:25, 6:55, 8:35, and 9:25 A. M., 12:25, 2:55, 4:05, and 6:55 P. M.
From Trenton.
At 6:07, 6:40, 8:00, 9:22, and 9:28 A. M., 12:00, M., 2:30, 3:40, 4:50, 6:18, 6:55, 9:14 and 9:40 P. M. On Sundays, 12 noon, and 9:14 P. M.
From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.
For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and and 11.55, P. M.
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Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, June 1, 1876.

☞ THERMOMETRICAL REPORT for the week ending Wednesday, May 31.—Furnished by JESSE H. MEARS, as noted at Bristol Post-Office:

	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Tuesday, May 25	62	77	74
Friday, " 26	60	72	67
Saturday, " 27	56	80	75
Monday, " 29	67	81	77
Tuesday, " 30	70	75	70
Wed'day, " 31	65	70	66

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 5.45 and 10.45, A. M., 3.30, and 6.00 P. M; Arrives 8.00, A. M., 2.30, 4.30 and 8.00, P. M.

NEW YORK—Closes 8.00, A. M., 1.30, 3.30, and 6.00 P. M. Arrives 7.00 and 11.45 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

PITTSBURGH AND THE WEST—Arrives 9.00 A. M.

TRENTON—Closes 7.15 and 3.00, A. M., 1.30 and 3.30, P. M.; arrives 11.45, A. M., 4.30 and 7.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10.00, A. M., 6.00, P. M arrives 9.45 A. M., 8.00, P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE, HULMEVILLE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN, PINEVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10.00, A. M; arrives at 9.45, A. M.

TELLYTOWN, MORRISVILLE AND POST OFFICES ON THE R. D. R. R.—Closes 7.15 A. M; arrives 4.30 P. M.

DORLINGTON—Arrives 9.30 A. M; closes 10.00 A. M.

NORTH.

—A son of Patrick Flynn had his arm broken in two places, by a fall on Thursday last.

—Jos. Morgan delivered a lecture at the A. M. E. Church, last evening on his recent trip to Atlanta, Ga.

—Ellwood Doron has erected a waiting room at his wharf for the use of passengers of the "Forrest," "Twilight," and "Nelly White."

—A lad by the name of Naphis, residing on Market street, had his foot badly crushed by being caught between a canal boat and a lock, on Wednesday.

—Edwin H. Contes, Esq., of Philadelphia, will lecture on Temperence in the Friends' meeting house, Newtown, on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. The public are invited.

—A strawberry festival will be held in the Sunday School rooms of the Presbyterian church, of this place, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 7th and 8th, by the young people connected with the church. Admission 10 cents.

—The dedication of St. Peter's Reformed church, of Hilltown, will take place on Sunday and Monday, June 4th and 5th. The Rev. L. C. Sheip, of Doylestown, will assist at the ceremonies. On Sunday next, Caleb E. Wright will preach in Mr. Sheip's church.

—An interesting meeting was held by the Y. M. C. A., of Hulmeville, on Friday evening last. Recitations were given by the children, and short speeches made by Colonel Snowden, Rev. W. G. P. Brinckloe and E. G. Harrison. This was the last meeting until September, excepting the praise and promise meetings once a month.

—The schooner "Surge" commanded by Captain George W. Warwick, of this place, was lost near Hurl Gate on Saturday night. It struck a point of rocks and filled in a very short time. The Captain's wife and child and Mrs. W. Wright, of Tullytown, who were on board, escaped in safety. The vessel was owned by the Penna. R. R. Co.

—The fifth annual re-union of the Solebury public schools will be held at Beaumont's Deer Park, on Saturday, June 10th. The large pavillion in process of construction and capable of seating 1500 or 1600 persons, will be ready for use by that time. It is probable that several distinguished visitors from our own and other States will be in attendance.

—Attorney General Lear has filed an opinion deeding that the boom bill is constitutional. The Governor has not yet decided whether he will withhold his approval on the ground that it was passed by bribery, as the evidence before him clearly demonstrates. He has not allowed any one to get an intimation from him as to his final action, but it is among the possibilities that he may force an adjustment of the dispute outside of legislation, as he has power to do with the bill in his hands.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday, May 31, 1876—Mrs. H. Baldwin, W. W. Bossaugh, Sarah A. Bogart, M. Burgess, Susan Cross, William Collee, Charlotte Curns, Abias Dean, Ike Eastwood, Kate Gordon, John Helferty, J. Karrigan, Timbrook Merrick, Carl Milner, Susan Moore, John Mulligan, Michael Muhlley, Catherine O'Bryan, Annie Otto, William F. Page, William F. Stradling, Ida Vandegrift, Robert A. Walton, Harriet Ward, Mrs. E. Woodington, J. R. Wright.

—Along the canal, just above Princes' Mills, on Thursday afternoon last, a suit of clothes was found, and were at once thought to be the property of some one who had been drowned. They were finally recognized as belonging to Joseph Polland, a young man of twenty-three, employed at John Cattlow's carpet works. The canal was dragged, and the body found on Friday morning at about 10 o'clock. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental drowning. It is supposed that the young man had gone into bathe and was attacked by cramp. He was an Englishman, and had been in this country but a short time. He was buried on Saturday afternoon.

—A meeting to make arrangements for holding the Lycoum Convention at Beaumont Deer Park, was held at Newtown, on Saturday last. It was attended by the chairmen of the committees of the several lyceums, and a formal programme was drawn up. Each society will be allowed half an hour, and the societies represented are Concord, Newville, Centreville, Salebury, Lahaska, New Hope, Yardleyville, Attleboro', Newtown and Oxford Valley. Isaac H. Hillborn was elected President, and was instructed to call the convention to order on the day appointed at precisely ten o'clock A. M.

The convention will doubtless be one of great zest, and well worthy of attending.

Decoration day, Tuesday last, was celebrated, perhaps, in appropriate exercises. There was perhaps more general observance than on any previous year, and reports from different states give long accounts of the fitting solemnities of decking the graves of the fallen heroes. The "blue and the gray" were in a measure, forgotten, and north and south again united not to decket the graves of both alike, and the favor of a side they deemed imperious, who died for the graves herewith were laid. The soldiers right. The solemnities participated in were the ceremonies Company G, 16th Regiment, National Guards, Pennsylvania, and brief speeches made by Cooke and Perkins. The company also marched to China Hall, and assisted the colored soldiers' orphans' school in decorating the graves at that place.

—The meeting at Hulmeville on Saturday evening to consider a plan for celebrating the Fourth of July was very well attended. Speeches were made by Messrs. Harrison, Brinckloe and Perry, and the general sentiment was for the celebration; all that remains now is to have the necessary amount subscribed in order to procure the fireworks. A committee, of which Rev. Mr. Brinckloe is chairman, was appointed to effect the necessary arrangements. The town will be illuminated, and at 9½ o'clock (p. m.) the pyrotechnical display will begin under the direction of Mr. John Perry, who will be aided by a corps of competent and well drilled assistants. The exercises will take place on the school grounds, and the school children will sing the national airs.

—We have received a copy of "Our Continental," a poem by Rev. J. C. Hyde, of Bristol. It is written in an easy and fluent style, and is in appropriate keeping with its title. It is a neat volume of 36 pages, clearly printed and reflects considerable credit upon its author. For sale at Callahan's News Agency, Mill street, Bristol. From the brief comprehensive history in which the first part is devoted, we quote the following:

"To here God placed the grand old Keystone state,
Preeminent, in every resource great.
Whose wealth of iron and her mines of coal,
The trade of all the other States control.
Her mountain scenery, picturesque, sublime,
Whose outlooks equal those of any clime.
Her highly cultured fields, spread far and wide,
Abundant harvests yield on every side.
Her never failing streams with food embrace
The smiling hills and lovely valleys grace.
Her institutions, which do most surpass,
Supply full well the needs of every class."

The stockholders of the Philadelphia, Newtown and New York Railroad Company met at Newtown, on Saturday last, to authorize the cancellation of the agreement between the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Newtown Company, and to confirm the sale of the bonds of the latter company, held by the Pennsylvania Company under said agreement. Resolutions to meet this object were read by the Secretary, and discussed at length, and finally unanimously carried. The President stated that work was going on quietly along the lower end of the road, about four or five thousand dollars being expended monthly in grading, laying tracks, &c. A turn-table has been put in at Fox Chase, and station houses built between that place and Philadelphia. It is expected that trains will be run in accordance with a plan made with the Pennsylvania Company in about ten days. The affairs of this road seem to be taking a better shape, and Newtown may yet have a railroad.

—Ice cream refreshes and imparts new energy—Gillingham, at his saloon on Washington street, keeps the delicious refreshment on hand.

—A well-known actress remarked the other day: "If Miss Dickinson had made a success of her venture I should leave the stage, because I would lose all regard for a profession whose highest position could be reached by any one who could step into it, after having become established in another way of life. If it is so easily mastered as that, I no longer feel a pride in my position."

BRISTOL WATER COMPANY.

On Thursday evening last, the Bristol Water Company held their annual meeting in the Club room of the Washington Assembly. The gentlemen present represented 1,092 shares. Rev. J. H. M. Knox was elected president, and G. M. Dorrance, Secretary.

The following report of the Board of Directors was read by the Secretary:

To the Stockholders of the Bristol Water Company:—The Board of Directors of the Company, present to you the Second Annual Report of the condition of your property entrusted to their care. The Report offered at the meeting of the Stockholders in May, 1875, exhibited the amount expended upon construction up to that time, with a call for additional subscriptions to finish the Work. The present Report shows expenditures covering total cost for completed works, without a dollar of outstanding indebtedness, to wit:—

Receipt from subscriptions to 1678 shares of capital Stock	$49,450 00

DISBURSEMENTS FOR CONSTRUCTION.

Charter expenses	$ 196 51
Engineering services	1,150 00
Real estate	3,210 00
Material used on lot, wharf and building	2,713 70
Labor on lot, wharf and building	3,755 44
Labor on Engine house and Stack	956 19
Stand pipe and connections	4,166 66
Pumps, Boilers and "	5,360 63
Lumber	1,356 20
Stone	951 40
Brick	951 96
Street Mains	9,616 88
Labor in laying Mains	2,237 96
Lead	1,020 42
Stop valves	701 63
Freight, cartage & telegraphing	557 42
Fire plug and setting	48 00
Tapping machine	112 00
General expenses, including printing, stationery, books, deeds and cash paid Rogers Bros.; for water, from Jan. 1, 1875, to Feb. 9, 1875	321 37
Cash in the Treasury	83 12
	$39,450 00

OPERATING ACCOUNT.

Receipts from all sources from Jan 1, 1875, to date		$4,428 67
DISBURSEMENTS FROM FEB. 1, 1876 TO DATE.		
Salaries of Engineer & Supt. and Assistant Engineer	$1,220 00	
1236 tons of coal and unloading the same	649 14	
Gas bills	38 46	
Ferrules	216 78	
Oil	56 76	
Taxes as follows, for 1875:		
County	$5 70	
Borough	9 50	
Schools	7 50	
Tax of Capital Stock per Sec. 5, of Act of April 21, 1871	94 68—117 38	
Incidentals	79 24	2,379 76
Net Earnings to date		$2,048 92

The Pennsylvania R. R. Company, during the year 1875, were furnished water for $1,200. In view of the increased expense for supplying the said Company for the current year, we have applied for an increased compensation for which negotiations are still in progress, and up to the present time we have not received any commeration, since Jan. 1.

The Board at their regular meeting held this day, declared a dividend of seventy-five cents ($0.75) per share out of the earnings of the Company now on hand, payable on and after the 25th inst.

The attention of the Stockholders is called to Article XI of the By-laws, which provides that the dividends shall be declared at the stated meetings of the Board in May. As the water rents are collected as early as March, in each and every year, and remain in the Treasury without profit for some months; the Board recommend to the meeting to amend said Article so as to read as follows:

ARTICLE XI. "The times for the declaration of the dividends of the Company shall be the stated meetings of the Board in March and September of each year, and at such other time or times as shall by the said Board be deemed advisable."

Respectfully submitted by order of the Board.

G. M. DORRANCE, Clerk, pro tem.

Bristol, May 25, 1876.

On motion of Edward Swain, the report was accepted.

On motion, a Board of Directors was elected for the ensuing year. John W. Bailey was chosen judge of election, and Joseph Swain and Dr. John Ward, tellers.

The old Board was nominated, and on motion, the nominations closed. The following is the Board elected by ballot of the meeting: Anthony Swain, Louis A. Hoguet, G. M. Dorrance, Jesse R. Mears, Ellwood Doron, Jesse S. Heston, Clifford B. Rossell,—each receiving 1,078 votes.

Attention was called by M. G. Dorrance to that part of the report relating to the changing of Article XI of the By-Laws, stating that under that article no dividend could be declared until the last Thursday in May. Nearly all the revenue, he said, was collected by March 1st, and so had to lie unused for three months.

On motion of Charles E. Scott, Article XI was, as suggested, by the Board, unanimously changed to read as follows: "The times for the declaration of the dividends of the Company shall be the stated meetings of the Board in March and September of each year, and at such other time or times as shall by the said Board be deemed advisable.

It was announced by Mr. Dorrance that a dividend of 75 cents per share had that day been declared by the Board, and also, that in making the dividend the whole of the net earnings had not been used, but that some had been held back to meet contingencies during the year.

After the adjournment of the meeting, the Board organized by electing Anthony Swain, President; L. A. Hoguet, Treasurer; G. M. Dorrance, Secretary.

Doylestown and Vicinity.

The Doylestown Cornet Band intend holding an ice cream and strawberry festival in the Exhibition building on the evenings of June 1st, 2d and 3d. On Saturday evening the festival will close with a social hop. The band will discourse pieces of music each evening, and on the evening of the hop the music will be furnished by Dean's Orchestra. This is the second festival of the kind given at this place by the band. The proceeds go to diminish the debt incurred in purchasing a band wagon.

Last Tuesday, Harrison McKinstry, formerly a citizen of this county, was buried in the cemetery. For some time past Mr. McKinstry has been living at Camden, and was engaged as superintendent of a gas manufactory. At the time of his death he was building gas works in Montgomery county where he received a dispatch from home that his wife was very sick. He went to take the train for Philadelphia, at Royer's Ford, on the Reading R. R., and in passing over the track to get on the train, an up train passed him and threw him under the down train, which passed over him, severing his head from his shoulders. His wife died on Monday and was buried on Thursday. So neither of them knew of the other's misfortune.

The county offices this week have undergone a general renovation. The desks were all removed and each department ornamented with a new coat of whitewash, and the favor of a general scrubbing.

James Buckman, our very popular deputy Register of Wills, is building a very handsome brown stone house on State street. While the building is being done, he has moved into the house of Richard Kulm, a few doors above his former residence.

The Doylestown Cemetery Company have greatly improved the looks of their cemetery, by erecting a handsome fountain near the entrance to their grounds. Some years ago, when the Borough erected the reservoir on the southern side of the cemetery they agreed to pay for the building of a fountain, by being allowed the privilege of building the reservoir on the ground. The material for the fountain was cast by Richard Wood, of Philadelphia, and when finished, will be a great ornament to that part of the grounds.

Workmen are now busily engaged in repairing the water works at the Borough mill. The water is stopped off, and after pumping the basin full, a request was made to those who use it to be as economical as possible in the use of it. Four days is the time that will be taken to make the repairs, and we think it doubtful whether the water in the basin will be sufficient to provide the consumers, during that time.

Little Lydia Vanartsdalen, a daughter of M. V. B. Vanartsdalen, Clerk of Orphans' Court, was run over by a horse and wagon, on State street, on Saturday evening. The injuries were found not to be very serious, only a few scratches and bruises.

The number of prisoners now confined in the county jail is smaller than has been known for several years,—none having been committed to await trial at September Court, while those who are confined are those who have been sentenced at the April and preceding Courts. Tramps are very few and far between. They seem to have a serious objection to spending thirty days within the space of four high walls, and to while away the long dreary hours of the summer, baking their bodies in the heat of the sun. The burden of caring for them is not a heavy one, and keeper Ott finds plenty of time to devote to his own amusement.

In passing by the grounds of the Doylestown English and Classical Seminary, situated upon the western border of our borough, one feels the inclination to while away a few hours of the morning in that sylvan retreat. The grounds are finely located, and handsomely laid out. The grounds are finely located and handsomely laid out. The yard slopes gently from the building to the south, and in groups, trees are planted, which afford plenty of shade. At the base of the yard a strip of wood runs from one fence to the other, and one standing upon the steps of the Seminary can have one of the grandest views that the country affords. As far as the eye can carry you, you see over the hills of adjoining townships, with this green picture: spotted with fine whitened farm houses and barns, and wedged in upon the sides of this scene a little village can be seen, showing how densely populated is our famous old county. Back of the building nestles one of the finest of groves; walks gracefully wander through it, and the temptation offered one to dream away a few hours of a hot summer day is irresistible. This is only one of the many fine places that our town is favored with, and loving it as we do, we feel that none of our sister towns can surpass it in the beauty of its scenery, if they do in other ways.

HERE AND THERE.

—Paris hotels are crowded.

—There are 3100 vacant tenements in Boston.

—Matinee audiences are small in New York now.

—Ladies' Grecian head bands are coming into fashion again.

—Suicide prevails at present as an epidemic in the cities of Italy.

—Pork and beans are peddled on the side streets of New York.

—An excellent quality of tea is being grown in Jasper County, Texas.

—Spring bonnets are very backward and spring hats are very forward.

—General Hooker is at the Arkansas hot springs regaining his health.

—British gold is coined in London with protected American machinery.

—Mr. Moody was given a purse of $1,500 during his stay in Augusta, Ga.

—A. T. Stewart & Co.'s store in Saratoga will not be opened this summer.

—Forty thousand roses are to be in bloom this month in Centennial Horticultural Hall.

—England has now about 140 art schools, which have an attendance of nearly 30,000 pupils.

—Galveston, Texas, is becoming the port of exportation for the production of the Mexican mines.

—About a dozen churches in Georgia within the last month have been robbed of the pulpit bibles.

—A band of boy burglars, the oldest not more than 12 years of age, has been discovered in Boston.

—A family of five persons were bitten by a mad dog in Newark, N. J., and one of them has since died.

—A prominent poulterer in Montreal was fined $10 recently for plucking a fowl while it was still alive.

—Five fishing vessels and forty-seven lives have been lost in the Gloucester, Mass., fisheries this year.

—It is proposed in California to manufacture sugar and syrup from watermelons and make oil from the seeds.

—Beads are coming into use again for trimming female garments, and those of gaudy color are preferred.

—A buzz-saw item: Henry Stonaker, of Palestine, Texas. In his life he was lovely, and in his death he was divided.

—American meat imported weekly into London, to the weight of 150 tons, sells at the same price as the best Scotch beef.

—Hereafter British soldiers may not salute the Queen by doffing hats, but may respect her in the ordinary military fashion.

—During the past year 699,000, persons visited the Zoological Gardens in London. The society is now in its forty-eight years.

—A fund of $100,000 has been subscribed in New Hampshire, the interest to be used in prosecuting violators of the liquor law.

—The pistol with which Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton is said to be in the possession of a gentleman of Versailles, Ky.

—It has been figured out that the average American is worth $350. It is something, therefore, to be an average man in this country.

—Mark Twain will preside at the opening of the California Building on the Centennial Exhibition ground, which takes place June 15.

—A fire at Mount Pleasant, Pa., on Monday destroyed twenty-four buildings, including twelve stables. The loss is estimated at $10,000.

—Pennsylvania has 235 beer breweries; Wisconsin, 232; Ohio, 210; New York, 203; California, 202; Illinois, 165; and Michigan, 149.

—President Grant, it is said, has informed Minister Orth that he expects to make a tour of the world upon the close of his term of office.

—The Missouri State lottery proprietors have sued the St. Louis police for $100,000 damages for breaking up their business by raids.

—The variety theatres in New York are said to be degenerating rapidly. The *Mail* thinks it would be a blessing if all the dives were closed.

—Rev. George Peck, the pioneer of Methodism at Scranton, Pa., died there on Saturday, in the 79th year of his age. He was a brother to Bishop Peck.

—Smoking is not a strictly masculine accomplishment in Russia. Ladies not only smoke in their rooms, but join the gentlemen in a cigarette at the table.

—The large grocery house of Jackson, Plouts & Douglass, of St. Louis, suspended Monday afternoon. The liabilities are stated at $400,000: assets unknown.

—Hiram R. Roberts, who was Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire in 1875, died at Salmon Falls, in that State on Tuesday, aged 70 years.

—The livery stable of Freeman & Francis, in Providence, R. I., was burned on Monday night. Ten hacks were destroyed, about sixty horses perished. Loss, $70,000.

—Charleston, S. C., has been paying $22,000 per year for having her streets lighted, but a company has secured a contract to give better light with kerosene for $10,000.

—Anna Dickinson in her new play, wears a diamond ring on each finger of her left hand, and two rings on her right hand, which proves that she is a heaven-born actress.

—Last year there were imported into the United States 201,254,890 lemons, or nearly five to every man, woman and child, and of oranges 334,936,515, or eight to every person.

—Sixteen hundred young women in Cleveland are pledged not to associate with men of tippling habits. Other cities have large numbers of women who have made the same vow.

—The rigorous enforcement of sanitary laws in London is again illustrated by only two deaths from small-pox being recorded in the week before last, out of a population of 3,000,000.

—The house of Colonel J. H. Branch, near Cincinnati, was robbed, on Friday, of $8,000 in bonds, by a man who called the Colonel's daughter to the door and threw snuff in her eyes.

—An egg-condensing factory has been established at Passu, Bavaria, wherein the eggs are dried and then reduced to a fine meal, which is packed in air-tight cans, ready for shipment.

—Large forest fires are reported in Carroll township, New Hampshire, near the Twin Mountain House. Similar fires have done much damage along the Portland and Ogdensburg and Northern Railroads.

—The schooner Abigara, which arrived at St. John's, N. B., on Saturday, from Rio Janeiro, lost two of her crew from yellow fever. She reports that the deaths from yellow fever at Rio averaged from 80 to 100 daily.

—In Minnesota a lady in gaping put her jaw out of joint, and two days elapsed before the doctor could get it in place again, in which time the delighted husband avers he had such a vacation as never before since he was a married man.

—General Robert Orr died in Kittanning, Pa., on Monday, aged 91. He was a soldier of 1812, a member of Congress during the administration of John Quincy Adams, and a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature during the session of 1816-17.

—The steamship Gaelic, from China and Japan, arrived at San Francisco on Monday, and reports that fifteen cities were in open rebellion in the Chinese province of Hupeh, and the Western army had been compelled by repeated disasters to call for assistance.

—A private fair held in Baltimore recently realized nearly $40,000 in two days. One gentleman gave $5,000 for an afghan, and another $2,000 for an album containing the photographs of the prettiest young ladies of Baltimore. The fair was in aid of a Catholic charity.

—Nine men were hanged by a mob for horse stealing in Jack county Texas, week before last, and six in Erath. Two of those hanged in Jack county are said to have been innocent. Two unknown men were found hanging out several miles on the prairie, near Elgin since then.

—The gauge of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad was narrowed on Saturday from Hoboken to Scranton, Binghampton, Oswego, Rome and Utica, and narrow gauge trains passed over the whole route on Saturday evening. Two thousand men were employed in the work.

—A large fall of fine dust and rock in the Bear Ridge Colliery, at Mahonoy Plane on Saturday, buried a miner named James Holvey. James Mahoney, a fellow workman, went to the rescue of his friend, and was also buried in the debris. Several hours afterwards both were dug out dead.

—Two hundred and twenty of the workmen in the Union Rolling Mills at Chicago struck on Monday, to secure an advance of 15 per cent, in their wages. For a time, an entire suspension of work by the seven hundred employes of the mills seemed imminent, but the strikers resumed work on Tuesday morning.

—Prof. Max Muller writes a letter to *The London Times* on the Royal Titles bill, in which he comes to the conclusion that the title Her Majesty ought to have been asked to assume was the native title of "Adhiraja of India," which, he says, literally means, "Over King, Supreme King, and Ruler in India."

—The Anchor Flour Mill, in St. Louis, was burned on Saturday evening. It was one of the largest mills of the kind in the country, and the loss is estimated at $110,000. A fire at Midland, Mich., on Saturday afternoon, destroyed two hotels, several stores, occupied and unoccupied, and about twenty dwellings. The loss is estimated at $150,000.

—A meeting of the United Railroad Companies of New Jersey was held on Tuesday, at Trenton, and the following directors were elected: John J. Astor, William Bushnell, A. L. Dennis, Benjamin Fish, Hamilton Fish, Cambridge Livingston, Nehemiah Perry, Isaac W. Scudder, John G. Stevens, Robert F. Stockton, Asbiel Welch, Samuel Welch.

—China has the largest garden in the world. There are 50,000 square miles round Shanghai, which are called the Garden of China, and have been for hundreds of years under a high state of cultivation. Three crops a year are harvested. It is all meadow land, raised but a few feet above the water, and has a complete network of water communication.

—A well-known Paris dentist, residing in the fashionable quarter, has been arrested, and is in Mazas prison, accused of having for years past, while drawing and cleaning teeth, introduced slow poison into rich patient's mouths at the instigation of their heirs, and thus committed many murders. Two hundred witnesses are said to have been subpoenaed.

—Thomas D. Suplee, a smooth-faced young man, with the personal appearance that is deemed to denote piety, started an Episcopal mission in Franklinville, a suburb of Philadelphia. He worked hard, ostensibly for religion, but really for himself. He got up entertainments of various kinds, and in other ways collected all the money possible in so small a field—about $750—and now he and the fund are missing. He would doubtless accomplish more in a place proportioned to his ability.

—Not all of the reputed centenarians are genuine. Especially are the ages of negroes exaggerated. But John H. Dahlman, who has just died in Milwaukee, was undoubtedly 105 years old. He was born in Westphalia in 1771. He almost invariably went to bed at nine o'clock, arose at four or five, and took a nap of an hour every afternoon. During the last five years of his life he discarded the spectacles which for the previous fifty years he had used, his eyesight becoming as good as in youth.

—A dispatch from Washington states that Ex-United States Senator McDonald, of Arkansas testified that in 1872 he paid to John Delano while chief clerk for his father in the Interior department, for the Flagstaff Mining Company, five thousand dollars. The company had applied for patents for mining land, and the fee to John Delano was intended to "facilitate" favorable action by the department in granting letters patent. Ex-Senator Thayer, of Nebraska, also got five thousand dollars for lobbying in favor of the Flagstaff company.

—The ninety-third annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New Jersey began its session on Monday morning, at Trenton, the Right Rev. Bishop Scarborough presiding. About 150 delegates were present. The Rev. Mr. Hills delivered a historical sermon, tracing back the history of the church in New Jersey one hundred years. The reports on the invested funds show a sum secured of $129,000. The financial affairs are in good condition. A missionary meeting was held in the evening, after which there was a grand reception at the Bishop's house. The convention was continued on Tuesday. Ex-Chancellor Williamson, Abraham Browning, and other prominent persons were present.

Attleboro' Notes.

The quadragennial, or fortieth anniversary of the founding of Bellevue Institute was held last Friday. The morning exercises commenced at eleven o'clock, and were witnessed by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Attleboro. The large lawn was literally covered with seats arranged so as to command a view of the main entrance to the classic halls of the Institute, where a commodious platform was erected. The salutatory was read by Belle Thomas, of Milford N. J., and followed by a variety of such interesting essays, music, &c., that the time passed on golden wings. In the afternoon there was an equally attractive programme enacted, and the audience considerably augmented by the arrival of more visitors. Speeches were made by Wm. B. Mann, of Philadelphia, Mr. Seal, the principal, and others. The alumnæ address was delivered by Miss Sue Gillam, of Attleboro, a member of the class of '72. The day was highly enjoyed by the participants and will be long remembered.

Farmers are busy working their corn and are working out their road-tax, by throwing dirt in the roads which are already good, and we presume they are afraid the people will drive about too much if the roads are pleasant to drive over.

Improvements are still going on in the borough, and the streets are improving much in appearance. Bellevue avenue is wonderfully changed, especially around Bellevue itself, here the change is so great that no one can help remarking it, and Mr. Seal has the satisfaction of knowing that Bellevue looks prettier than it ever did before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

H. C. Parry is pushing his improvements at Langhorne to the utmost, he has his office finished, except painting, the barn, which he has built both for his own accommodation and for people driving to the station wishing to stable their horses, is nearly finished, he has sunk a well there seventy feet deep containing now about seven feet of water.

John Black is making alterations in his house on Maple avenue, he will tear down all the old frame portion and build the new somewhat higher.

Joseph Eastburn is improving the appearance of his property on Bellevue avenue and fixing up his pavement.

Prospectville Notes.

Our farmers are complaining that the operations of the "cut" worm threatens to cripple the future value of the crop. In many cases the young blades look decidedly sick, and are turning yellow under the heat of the sun.

James LaFevre, of this village writes a strong argument in the column of the *Press* in favor of the opening of the gates of the Centennial on Sunday. He predicts the attendance of great numbers of farmers in the event of the open gates on Sunday.

The Grangers will hold a grand re-union in Goettner's grove, at an early date. The Grangers are increasing in strength in this section. And a more beautiful spot than the one chosen, could not be found in the Commonwealth, within "reachable" distance.

—Serious damage was done to many of the exhibits sent to the Centennial from Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, in transit from Melbourne to New York. The ship leaked and nearly half the goods were saturated with sea-water. The sailors and the captain ran the ship from its course and attempted to scuttle it. Among the damaged articles are plunge from Melbourne, several cases of stuffed birds and animals, oil paintings, fine mirrors and sideboards, collections of fishes, grains, cotton, wool, and many other articles, to which the damage is so great as to render them unfit for exhibition. Fortunately there are enough things that the water did not reach to make a partial exhibit in the front of the courts of these three avenues, but the rear presents only a mass of ruined or half-ruined goods. The Australian wool was sent to C. W. & J. Peirce, of this place, who will remedy as far as possible the effects of the accident. The mishap has discouraged the Commissioners somewhat, but they are working hard to repair the damages.

—It is feared that the inhabitants of the northern bays of Newfoundland are suffering for the want of food.

—It is estimated that four-fifths of the murders in New York for the last quarter of a century were caused by liquor drinking.

—The poet Longfellow, will pass the summer in Pennsylvania, at Bryn Mawr, Montgomery county where he has rented a cottage.

—The price of wool is so low in Lafayette that many sheep raisers have commenced killing their stock for the skins and tallow.

—The spring exhibition of the Montgomery county Agricultural society opened on Tuesday at Ambler Park. The display is said to surpass that of previous years.

—The twelfth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association will be held at Reading, on the 13th, 14th and 15th of June. The occasion will be an interesting one, and the public are invited to attend.

—Thirteen men were injured by an explosion of sulphur in the Phœnix Park Colliery, at Pottsville, on Saturday morning, three of whom, named Cavanagh, Dormer and Williams, are not expected to recover. It is said the disaster was caused by the use of an exposed lamp.

—In the United States District Court, at St. Louis, on Saturday, Judge Treat overruled a technical point made by one of bondsmen of Ulrici, of the "whiskey ring," and entered judgment for $117,000, the full amount of the bond. Judgment for $30,000 was also entered against G. B. Bingham and his sureties.

—Two hundred and twenty of the workmen in the Union Rolling Mills at Chicago struck on Monday, to secure an advance of 15 per cent, in their wages. For a time, an entire suspension of work by the seven hundred employes of the mills seemed imminent, but the strikers resumed work on Tuesday morning.

—The pork-packing houses of Anderson, Hamilton & Co., Hamilton Brothers, and Kranth, Ferguson & Co., and the whisky firm of Swearingen & Biggs, at Louisville, suspended on Tuesday. The liabilities of Kranth, Ferguson & Co., are stated at $200,000. These of the other pork firms are unknown, but rumor places them at more than $1,000,000. Swearingen & Biggs decline to make any statement.

—A negro, very black, and a white girl, very pretty, were recently married in Cass, Iowa. The husband is forty years old, and not only lacks comeliness of person but has no mental attractions. The wife is the educated daughter of a wealthy farmer, and aged sixteen. Her father tried to prevent the marriage by imprisoning her, and to invalidate it by legal means, but succeeded in neither attempt. The negro however, has been driven out of town by a mob.

The libraries of this country are threatened with a new and alarming danger. In India and other tropical countries the *termites*, (or white ants as they are generally though improperly called) are among the most destructive insects known. They move in great armies, and it requires the utmost care and vigilance to guard against their ravages. They enter a house, and in an incredibly short space of time destroy a large part of its contents. They will attack a library not molesting the surface of books, but devouring their contents, leaving only the outer part of the binding. In the same way they will destroy the whole substance of timber, leaving only a shell, so that their work may not be perceived until it is complete. The Boston *Transcript* states that they have made their appearance about the Library at Harvard, and that serious consequences are feared. It intimates also that they have committed ravages in other parts of the country, and that the fall of some bridges is attributed to their covert destruction of the timber. The evil is one that may well awaken apprehension, and lead to preventive measures.

MARRIED.

BLACKWOOD—STRADLING.—May 31st, 1876, at the Baptist Parsonage, by Rev. C. E. Harlon, Mr. Joshua W. Blackwood and Miss Margaretta W. Stradling, all of Bristol.

☞ The place to find the most Desirable Goods and the greatest bargains these times is at the place that renews the stock most frequently.

This week, my stock of goods has been greatly improved by a line of goods that pertains exclusively to summer wear.

WHITE GOODS,

Plain, Plaid and Striped Nainsooks, India Mills, Victoria Lawns, Tucked muslin, Corded and Figured Piques, Lace Striped Jaconets and Tarletans.

Assortment of fine Lawns at 12½ cts yard.

Brown Linen Suitings and Trimmings to match. My Stock of Dress Goods at 25 cts a yard has never been equalled in Bucks County.

Cheap Plaids at 10 and 12½ cts per yard.

Abundance of Good Standard Calicoes (not misprint goods) at 6 cts per yard.

Ladies', Gents', and Childrens' Gauze and Gossamer Merino Underwear.

Cheap Corsets—a large new Stock at 35, 50, 65, 75, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, and $2.

Parasols and Sun Umbrellas.

A Large Stock of Fans from 8 cts to $2.

I have just made another addition to my extensive stock of goods.

A line of Children's Suits, both boys and girls, in White Pique and Half Linen, which I think we shall sell at prices equally as low as can be bought in Philadelphia.

A full line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hats and Millinery Goods.

I have just opened this week a bale of Russia Crash, at 12½ cts per yard.

Table Linens and Counterpanes. Gilt Band Shades, and Shade Hollands.

Ladies' and Children's fancy Hosiery, from 10 cts to $1 per pair.

Sash Ribbons, Ties, Bows; Kid, Silk and Lisle Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Children's Sailor Collars and Ruffles.

Trunks, Satchels, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall Papers, all Cheap.

A full line of Fresh Groceries as Cheap as can be bought anywhere else for the same class of Goods, and as we all love money, I purpose by keeping a large stock of goods, and selling them low, to save our people the time and expense of going to the city in search of cheap goods.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Next to Canal Bridge,
Mill Street, Bristol.

The greatest success of the Season in Centennial matters, is acknowledged by the thousands who have seen them, to be the Splendid Stock of Superfine Clothing, we have especially prepared to meet the present demand. Unusual care has been exercised in selecting material and making up, and as our prices are *decidedly lower than* others asked elsewhere for inferior goods, we confidently say, that every garment sold is a *genuine bargain*, and as we guarantee every article, satisfaction must be given. BENNETT & CO., *Tower Hall*, 518 *Market Street, Philadelphia.* Notice the Large Clock over the door.

☞ I can offer to my customers to-day an entire new line of Flowers, Wings, &c, Hats: comprising in part: Turbans, English Walking Hats, Hats to droop over the face, fine Chips, and Hair Goods. Also, a nice line of Plain Bonnets. A great variety of Infant Bonnets and Hats. Full line of Sailor Hats, to which I invite your attention, and will sell at the most reasonable prices.

MISS SWAIN, Milliner,
68 Mill Street, Bristol.

☞ Paint mixed in any quantity, color or shade, out of Pure Lead and Oil or Turpentine, with the best dryers, sold at Dr. Pursell's, Drug Store, at a lower price than inferior paints are generally sold for elsewhere.

☞ Rubber Roofing can be made any color and is very ornamental. No tar or gravel used. Price, 6 cents per foot. Wm. A. Girton, practical roofer, Bristol, Pa.

☞ COTTON PANTS for $1.00, and Swiss linen for $1.25 can be had at S. A. Gump's, Bristol, Pa. Now is the time to buy.

☞ Fine West Virginia Lubricating Oil at Dr. Pursells,—60 cents per gallon.

☞ Strictly pure Paris Green at Dr. Pursells drug store, 60 cents per lb.

☞ Pursell's. Porous Plasters are the best.

FARMERS' HALL AND STAW MARKET.—for week ending May 27, 1876: Loads of Hay, 472; Straw 105 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 1 15 to $1 35. Mixed, $1.00 to $1 15; Straw, $1 35 a $1 55 per 100 lbs.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET

Monday, May 29, 6 P. M.

The arrivals and sales of Beef Cattle were large this week, reaching about 3500 head; the market for consequence was very dull and prices were unsett

THE SONG-SPARROW.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Glimmers gay the leafless thicket
Close beside my garden gate,
Where, so slight, from post to thicket,
Hops the sparrow, blithe, sedate;
Who, with meekly folded wing,
Comes to sun himself and sing.

It was there, perhaps, last year,
That this little house he built;
For he seems to perk and peer,
And to twitter, too, and tilt
The bare branches in between,
With a fond, familiar mien.

Once, I know, there was a nest,
Held there by the sideward thrust
Of those twigs that touch his breast;
Though 'tis gone now. Some rude gust
Filled it, over-full of snow—
Bent the bush, and robbed it so.

Thus our highest holds are lost,
By the ruthless winter's wind
When with swift, dismantling frost,
The green woods we dwelt in, thinn'd
Of their leafage, grow too cold
For frail hopes of summer's mould.

But if we, with spring days mellow,
Wake to woeful wrecks of change,
And the sparrow's ritornello
Scaling still its old sweet range,
Can we do a better thing
Than, with him, still build and sing?

Oh, my sparrow thou dost breed
Thought in me beyond all telling;
Shootest through me sunlight, seed,
And fruitful blessing, with that welling
Ripple of ecstatic rest,
Gurgling ever from thy breast.

And thy breezy carol spur
Vital motion in my blood,
Such as in the sapwood stirs,
Swells and shapes the painted bud
Of the lilac; and besets
The hollows thick with violets.

Yet I know not any charm
That can make the fleeting time
Of thy sylvan faint alarm
Suit itself to human rhyme;
And my yearning, rhythmic word
Does the grievous wrong, dear bird.

So, however thou hast wrought
This wild joy on heart and brain,
It is better left untaught.
Take thou up the song again;
There is nothing sad afloat
On the tide that swells thy throat!

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

THE GARDEN.

What Should be Grown in it.

BY WILLIAM H. YEOMANS.

In order to have a garden in every sense of the word, all kinds of vegetables should be planted.

Many of the tender varieties, and such as are desired, and can be obtained before the natural season will admit, should be started in the hot-bed as early as possible.

There is always an agreeableness hanging about the first taste of any green production in the early spring, so if lettuce or radishes are started in the hot-bed, they may be obtained before they could be planted in unprotected ground, and are then considered luxuries. Another method of obtaining early plants, and which is considerably practiced at the present day, is to sow a few seeds in a box in mid-winter or later, keeping the same in the warm kitchen. The objection to this course is, that unless after the plants have obtained a fair start, they are frequently repotted so as to retard their upward growth, they will grow spindling and require time to recover from the change to open culture. Then again in some cases plants are started late in the fall, and protected in a pit through the winter until early spring.

Asparagus, a well known perennial, should have a place in every farm garden, as it is considered one of the greatest delacaries, and is particularly valuable because of coming to the table early.

It requires a good soil and plenty of manure, freedom from weeds, &c. From the seed several years are required to bring this plant to perfection, and it is, therefore, better to set the crowns or mature roots. In preparation for setting, it would add to the value of the productions if the bed is trenched to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet, and the trenches nearly filled with good manure; cover with soil, and set the root two or three inches below the surface in rows two feet apart; rake over smoothly, and cover with a coating of decomposed manure and salt. Each year before winter sets in, the surface of the bed should be cleaned off, (after the old stalks are dried down), and the stalks and weeds, if any, together with other rubbish, burned upon it, and an annual layer of manure covered over it to the depth of three inches. With good care even a small bed will furnish a good number of stalks for the table. There should also be a good quantity of beans, both dwarf and runners; these by many are considered of great value, both as snaps and shelled, and to be combined with sugar or sweet corn. While beans require a good soil, they will grow with less care than many other vegetables.

It is also well to grow both beans and corn with a view to a succession. Our plan is to plant once a week or thereabouts until July, and even later sometimes, so as to enjoy green corn until the time of frost. In order to secure good corn, requires a deep, rich soil, and freedom from weeds.

The beet also comes in for consideration, and is very highly esteemed, not only for its root, but in its early growth for the green which its tops and tender roots afford. Perfection in this vegetable requires a rapid growth, which is only insured by good richness of soil. A beet may grow in a poorer soil to good size, but it will prove coarse and stringy with a lack of that sweet, tender juiciness attendant upon rapid growth. For early specimens, the Early Blood Turnip is preferred, while the Long Red is esteemed best.

Cabbage should have its place. The early plants may be started in boxes or the hot-bed, and will then be had on hand at an early day; for winter the Drumhead or Savory varieties may be sown in May or June, and when sufficiently large, transplanted, and well cared for; a little salt sprinkled upon the developing head adds to its value.

Carrots are sometimes grown in village gardens, but with farmers who grow for stock, they seldom find a place in the garden. Cauliflower is excellent for pickling or table use, and is cultivated much like the cabbage. Celery should not be passed by even if the culture requires a little extra labor, which consists chiefly in trenching at the time of transplanting, so as to facilitate earthing up for blanching. Cress may be grown for salad, if desired, in connection with lettuce, mustard, and similar plants; they all require a rich soil, and good care.

The cucumber, either to be eaten raw or pickled, is important as supplying a want pleasant and agreeable to the taste. It requires a somewhat sandy soil, made rich by an application of thoroughly decomposed manure. The hills should be a distance of four feet apart, and filled with rotten manure, well incorporated with the soil. The same may be said of all the varieties of squashes, melons, and similar productions. For early use the Early Rossean Cucumber fills the bill admirably. For its use for pickling, and its pungent taste, Horse radish is very much esteemed, and should have a place in every garden; it delights in a deep, sandy loam that is inclined to be moist. Notwithstanding the unpleasant oder, the onion will retain its place in all well regulated gardens. A rich sandy loam with careful culture are the only requisites.

For culinary purposes, the parsnip is much esteemed, and is nutritious and wholesome. A sandy loam with sufficient richness, and good care are all that is requisite to a supply. The pea is very important, and should be planted with a view to succession. Peppers being used for pickling should have alloted space.

To supply a want of material for pies from the want of apples, rhubarb should be cultivated. The tomato should not be omitted, as it occupies a most important position in the culinary department.

The main point is to obtain early fruit, which will necessitate partial hot-bed culture. With radishes, salsify, potatoes, okra, turnips, &c., the bill will be well filled. Time and space would not warrant a careful description of modes of culture in every case, and we shall pass in our next to the matter of the fruits that should find a place in the garden.

SANDY AND HIS STEED.—In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches, which they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, but when the animal came to a sheep-drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, turned him round, and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain before he knew it. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking his beast straight in the face, said, "Verra weel pitched; but then hoo are ye going to get ower yersel?"

Fishing for shad is done on a large scale at Gloucester, on the Delaware. A net 475 fathoms in length and a boat rowed by thirty negroes are used, about five hundred shad being taken at each haul. Some of the fish are sent to market, and some are served on the spot to excursion parties from Philadelphia. The latter are "planked," which means roasting them on cedar planks before a fire.

A good story is being told of George William Curtis, the poet. He prides himself, it is said, on his English accent, eschewing the Yankee "drawl." Therefore, when he was over there and went to a tailor's he was not a little mortified at the master's exclaiming, "'Arry, show the Hamerican gentleman the flowery weskets!"

Bristol.

Which Plan is the Best?

THE COMMERCIAL Insurance Company

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(No hazardous risks taken.)

ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment.

Full particulars given. Apply at office

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JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT.
E. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY. 740

SOMETHING NEW!

MUSIC STORE,
40 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

THE CELEBRATED ARION PIANO, Estey's Superior Cottage and Parlor Organs. Also the Bay State Organ. Prices from $60 to $750.

For sale by
219 CHARLES T. HARRISON.

To the Public!

THE UNDERSIGNED having established an agency for the sale of

REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY,

In the Borough of Bristol, would inform his friends and the public generally, that he is about to prepare his catalogue of property for this season's sales.

Persons having property for sale, by sending a description of the same to his office, they will be entered in the Sales Register, and published in the Catalogue without charge.

Special advertising, in city or country papers, will be done if ordered, at printer's charges.

Customers by Railroad are met at any of the stations and taken to view properties for sale, without charge.

A duplicate Register is kept at his office No. 112 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, for the convenience of city customers.

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No. 44 Mill Street,
55 BRISTOL, PA.

A. J. HIBBS,
REAL ESTATE
AND
GENERAL BUSINESS AGENT,
BRISTOL, PA.

EFFECTS SALES AND PURCHASES REAL ESTATE, attends to the Renting of Houses and Farms or any business connected therewith. Personal Property sales taken charge of, and prompt and careful attention given to any business entrusted to his care. 230

FURNITURE
Re-Upholstered Repaired and Varnished.

HAIR AND HUSK MATTRESSES
MADE TO ORDER AND RENOVATED.
Chairs Re-Caned. Also, Three-Ply Veneering Seats put in Chairs.

FEATHERS RENOVATED BY STEAM.
N. B.—I am now prepared to Renovate Feather Beds. I claim for the machine I use that while it destroys the germ of the feather moth, it does not injure the feathers, which the hot-air machines are apt to do. Persons wishing to have their Beds Renovated, by letting me know in the morning can have them returned at night ready for use.

JOHN F. McMILLAN,
Radcliffe Street, Rear of Presbyterian Church,
287 BRISTOL, PA.

JOHN F. KENEAGY,
DRUGGIST,
No. 63 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints.
OILS, PERFUMERY,
Fancy Articles,
AND EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE.
Prescriptions carefully compounded. 264

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.

ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 39

MEAT! MEAT!

MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.
Special inducements given cash customers. 23

GEORGE N. SMITH,
Cigar Manufactory,
No. 78 Bath Street, corner of Buckley.
BRISTOL, PA.

THE best 3 and 5 cent Cigar in Bristol. Chewing Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco, Pipes, &c. 327

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.

The finest and latest Styles of work for Ladies and Gents. FIRST CLASS BOOTS made a specialty. SOLE LEATHER and UPPERS of all descriptions constantly on hand and to be had at city prices. Store at Corner Mill & Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
602

M. GEAR,
Dealer in
Ladies', Misses and Children's
Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c.,
NO. 59 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

A general assortment of Shoes kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Mending promptly and neatly done. 156

$50,000
TO LOAN on FIRST MORTGAGES,
OF NOT LESS THAN $2,000.

Apply to E. G. HARRISON,
Commercial Insurance Company,
24 Office, 44 Mill Street, Bristol.

Trenton.

MAHAN & ELY
HAVE REMOVED TO
46 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.,
Opposite Hill's Confectionery, where they are selling
DRY GOODS
AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, VIZ:

The very best Calicoes, ordinary styles,	6c.
" " " choice styles,	8c.
Heavy yard wide Unbleached Muslins,	8c.
Wamsutta and others, of the very best Bleached Muslins,	12½
Fruit of Loom,	10c.

In constant receipt of the choicest styles new DRESS GOODS at corresponding prices.

MERCHANT TAILORING A SPECIALTY. 341

Trenton.

WESTON & SWAYZE,
ARCHITECTURAL AND MONUMENTAL
SCULPTORS,
IN MARBLE, GRANITE AND FREESTONE.

Devoting especial attention to Monumental Works, &c., viz:

Tombs, Monuments, Headstones, Mural Tablets, Pulpits, Fonts, &c.

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

MARBLE YARD—Stockton Street, between Front and State Street,
TRENTON, N. J.

CEMETERY LOTS INCLOSED.—Cemetery work of every description done in the best manner and at reasonable rates. 40

A. LOWENSTEIN,
The Great Clothier,
HAS JUST OPENED THE STORE
No. 25 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.,
WITH A LARGE SELECTED STOCK OF
FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING
And Furnishing Goods.

All Goods warranted as represented. Goods exchanged within ten days after purchase, if not worn or soiled. Our prices always the lowest in the city. Thanking the public for past patronage, we shall endeavor to please all at our New Store,

25 Greene Street, nearly opposite Taylor's Opera House.

Remember the place, No. 25 Greene Street. 319

R. C. THOMSON & CO.,
23 & 25 E. State Street, Opposite First National Bank, Trenton, N. J.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, COTTONADES, KENTUCKY JEANS, &c.,
At Wholesale and Retail.
Also Merchant Tailoring. 317

C. P. BARWIS,
Merchant Tailor,
NO. 65 GREEN ST., TRENTON, N. J.

ALWAYS a good line of goods from which to select a suit, and made in the latest styles. Satisfaction in every respect. 294

Furniture and Upholstery
OF MY OWN MANUFACTURE.

PARLOR SUITS in Hair, Cloth, or any color of Terry 1 Sofa, 1 Arm Chair, 1 Lady's and 4 Wall Chairs, for $60 Solid Walnut Chamber Suits, nine pieces, for $40. With Marble Top Bureau and Washstand, $50.
39 At A. V. MANNING'S,
47 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.

GO TO
DONNELLY'S
FOR
Seasonable Underwear.

GO TO DONNELLY'S
FOR
Six Shirts for $9.00,
MADE TO ORDER.

GO TO DONNELLY'S
FOR
White Dress and Calico Shirts
READY MADE, "THAT WILL FIT."

GO TO DONNELLY'S
FOR
NECKWEAR.

GO TO DONNELLY'S
FOR
LINEN AND PAPER
Collars and Cuffs.

GO TO DONNELLY'S
FOR
Silk and Linen Pocket Handkf's.

GO TO DONNELLY'S
FOR
Brushes, Combs and Perfumeries.

GO TO DONNELLY'S
FOR
Hosiery and Gloves.

GO TO
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FOR
ANY ARTICLE YOU MAY NEED
IN THE LINE OF
Men's Furnishing Goods,
Ladies' and Children's Hosiery,
GLOVES and UNDERWEAR,
All at Popular Prices,
AT RICHARD A. DONNELLY'S,
TAYLOR HALL FURNISHING STORE,
344 GREENE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

FANCY RIBBONS. BONNET FRAMES.
MRS. J. R. WOODRUFF,
Fashionable Milliner,
And dealer in
Notions, Trimmings, &c.
No. 27 Broad Street, Trenton, N. J.
Personal attention paid to custom work. 153

DUNN & SMITH,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
NO. 32 E. STATE STREET,
TRENTON, N. J.
Under First National Bank.
A full stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Coatings always on hand 116

GO TO THE
Boston 99 Cent Store,
30 E. State Street,
TRENTON, N. J.
And look at the NEW STOCK OF WAX DOLLS, and RUSSIA LEATHER POCKET BOOKS. The cheapest ever shown in the city. 147

E. R. HUTCHINSON,
THE POPULAR HATTER,
New and Old Styles in great variety, at
City Hall Hat and Cap Emporium,
CITY HALL, TRENTON, N. J. 1060

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Mr. Vale testified that the pain attending the treatment was much less than that of the disease without treatment.

Patients who require diet, bathing, and other appliances for the general health, or who prefer to be in the country, will be treated at HYGEIAN HOME, FLORENCE, N. J. 306

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Which will be sold at prices to suit the times. OUR TINWARE is all of our own make, and every article warranted tight.
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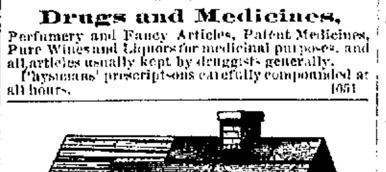

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REPAIRING AND PAINTING neatly done.
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